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The Week

THE futile attempts of the League of Nations to prevent Italy's assault upon Ethiopia overshadowed all other public happenings last week. Great Britain, after long hesitation, at last came as close to an open threat to use force as diplomatic language permits. Sir Samuel Hoare's speech was further remarkable in that he reiterated the suggestion, recently put forth by Frank Simonds and others, that the "sated" nations must make some allowance for the demands of the "hungry" ones. His address was followed by M. Laval's pledge that France, also, would support the terms of the League Covenant against an aggressor. As was indicated in advance, these threats have had no influence on Mussolini. While it is possible that he may be frightened off at the last minute, what seems ten times more likely is that he dare not now stop and the hostilities with Ethiopia will begin in a few days or weeks. America's contribution to the debate was another plea by Secretary Hull that Italy and Ethiopia should remember their obligations under the Kellogg Pact—his third statement of this sort in as many months, and about as effective in its relation to Italy as playing a flute to a tiger intent on a kill. There is no doubt, however, that President Roosevelt would like to fulfill the pledge made by Norman Davis at Geneva, and refrain from any action running counter to a League boycott imposed upon Italy. His policy is of course complicated by the terms of the new neutrality law, and it is suggested in Washington that the delay in saying definitely whether raw materials are to be considered "instruments of war" is intended to give the President as much liberty of action as possible.

AFTER the events at Geneva, Germany provided the week's most important European news. Following the failure of the Reich's attempt to negotiate a loan in London came the announcement that the degradation of the Jews is to be made still worse. Their citizenship will be abrogated, marriage between Aryans and Jews will be forbidden and the restrictions on their economic activities, already almost unendurable, will be tightened. The Nazi swastika now becomes the official German emblem, on the thin pretext that this is Germany's reply to Magistrate Brodsky of New York City, who suggested in dealing with the case of the "Bremen" rioters that the Hitler symbol may be regarded as a pirate flag. Der Führer has taken advantage of the disputes among his enemies in Europe to threaten forcible seizure of Memel from Lithuania. Continued discrimination against exports from the United States by the German government has caused this country to cancel all the most-favored-nation privileges Germany has heretofore enjoyed and to impose the highest tariffs allowed by law.

THE fight over P.W.A. and W.P.A. policies, mistakenly termed a dispute between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins, was the most important domestic happening of the week. The point at issue is a fairly simple one: shall the United States attempt valuable public works, using private contractors when necessary, paying standard hourly wages, or shall our policy be to provide as much made work as possible, whether useful or not, spending almost nothing for raw materials and paying wages that range from $20 to $93 a month, with the average

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around $50? The decision has been to follow the latter course. In the effort to fulfill President Roosevelt's political promise to give work to 3,500,000 heads of families—a promise foredoomed to failure in any event—many public-works projects will be abandoned, others will be curtailed and many more canceled before they are begun.

IT IS certainly true that the overwhelming majority of the unemployed would rather work than not; and it is also true that our national income is cut down by about a fifth as long as one-fifth of our workers are idle; but the President's policy is almost as far from any pretense of a planned economy as it is possible to go and still accept federal responsibility for relief of the destitute. Under the new plan, a great part of the $4,000,000,000 available will be frittered away with nothing to show for it except that a certain number of people will have been kept from starvation. Consumer purchasing power will not be enhanced by continuing 21,000,000 Americans on a family income of $12 a week. If the present improvement in business conditions should come to an end, as has happened three times before during the Roosevelt administration, our situation will be more serious than ever.

AMONG other domestic developments of the week comes the action of a group of coal companies to test the constitutionality of the new Guffey Law even before it has gone into effect. While the government on September 16 won the first round of the fight, it still seems likely that the Supreme Court, following the principles of the Schechter decision, will overturn the "little N.R.A. for coal." The Democrats are again talking of abrogating the famous two-thirds rule under which their presidential candidate is chosen, and this time with more likelihood of success than in the past. While prices for consumers' goods continue to mount, wages are going down and hours are lengthening, with the end of the N.R.A. and the limitation of the new Wagner Labor Relations Law to interstate commerce, and this fact has helped to bring on an epidemic of strikes throughout the country. The Brookings Institution has reported on the influence of the A.A.A. in the dairy and livestock industries and confirms the general impression that the drought was more responsible than government restriction in increasing prices. The more we learn about the deaths of war veterans in the Florida hurricane, the uglier the facts appear, and a real investigation, not a mere whitewashing of the authorities, seems urgently necessary.

SOME forty-five thousand members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in New York City held a one-day stoppage last week—or, as they termed it, a "rehearsal for a general strike" which the union threatens to call if the employers do not sign a satisfactory agreement next year. Other strike news of the week includes the victory of 12,000 shipping clerks in New York City in their demand for a forty-hour week and the apparently successful fight that the ship radio operators are waging for an eight-hour day, higher pay and union recognition. The Telegraphists' Union has already signed agreements with six shipping lines and with the Radio Marine Corporation, which supplies about 75 percent of the wireless personnel on the Atlantic Coast. In Hartford, Connecticut, 1,800 employees of the Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Company and the Hamilton Standard Propellor Company are on strike, demanding reinstatement of five union employees who were dismissed, while in New York City 4,500 embroidery workers are asking a 15-percent increase in wages.

ELSEWHERE, strike news was graver. In Minneapolis, two persons were killed and thirty wounded when police fired into a mass picket line of 5,000 at the Flour City Ornamental Iron Works. A strike of the Machinists' Union has been in progress there for eight weeks. In Rome, Georgia, one worker was killed and three wounded in a battle between pickets and strikebreakers at the Rome Stove and Range Company, where violence has been intermittent for the past year. A strike of some 15,000 cotton pickers has started in the South, to increase the rate of pay from 40 cents to $1 per hundred pounds. One member of the Sharecroppers' Union, which is leading the strike in Alabama, has been killed by vigilantes and several have been wounded or reported "missing." We are waiting for our leading public officials and the newspaper editorial writers, who insist that this country can and must be run by ballots not bullets, to denounce these atrocities. Thus far their silence has been overwhelming.

POLICE of Kansas City, Missouri, apparently believe that one way to prevent the writing of plays with a social point of view is to beat the playwright over the head with a blackjack. Lowell Chamberlain, a New York playwright, recently spent two months in the drought area of Kansas, gathering material for a play. In Kansas City, after leaving the home of a member of the American Workers' Union, he was arrested by detectives and booked on a charge of "suspected Communist activities." When he protested, Chamberlain says he was beaten by detectives and held incommunicado for five days in jail without a hearing. His notes were seized by the police, along with some "dangerous" radical literature, consisting of a few copies of The Farmers' Weekly, a pamphlet called, "What Is Socialism?" and a booklet, "Drought." In their zeal to rid the city of all suspected Reds, the police overlooked the fact that Mr. Chamberlain is a registered member of the Democratic Party in New York City. Upon his release, the writer was ordered to leave town within two hours, and his notes, the results of two months' effort, were held by the police.

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REPEATED instances of blindness, critical illness and sometimes death resulting from the use of dinitrophenol as a means of reducing weight have so far failed to stop the use of this drug in the United States. Dinitrophenol does known damage to the liver, kidneys, heart and sensory nerves, carries the danger of acute poisoning and death and frequently causes malignant eye cataracts and blindness, as in the recent cases reported in California. Some of the fanciful trade names under which dinitrophenol has been or is being sold are listed by the federal Food and Drug Administration: Nitromet, Dinitrolac, Nitra-Phen, Dinitriso, Formula 281, Dinitrose, Nox-Ben-Ol, Re-Du, Aldinol, Dinitrenal, Prescription No. 17, Slim, Dinitrole, Tabolin and Redusols. The Food and Drug Act is virtuall inoperative in this field, for the Act embodies no control over dangerous drugs as such, and federal authorities can proceed against a preparation only if it crosses a state border, and then only on the technicality of a false or fraudulent claim in the labeling or advertising. The Copeland bill, introduced in the last session of Congress, aimed at some effective control of the food-and-drug trades, but the proprietary-medicine and food-processing interests worked up such powerful opposition that, despite their subsequent change of attitude, the bill died in the House, after being passed by the Senate in a form so emasculated as to be almost unrecognizable. As W. G. Campbell, chief of the federal Food and Drug Administration, has pointed out, all the so-called reducing preparations now on the market fall into three categories: first, laxatives that simply deny the body the benefit of its food intake, as the salts, crystals and herb teas; second, obvious frauds that depend for effectiveness entirely upon stringent diets introduced as part of the "treatment"; and third, the unquestionably effective but dangerous preparations containing thyroid extract or dinitrophenol.

FROM time to time someone comes forward to charge that the Boy Scouts are potentially a dangerous fascist organization. We have never taken much stock in these stories and were for that reason doubly sorry to see a recent statement by Walter W. Head, president of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. Returning from a visit to Germany, Mr. Head observed that the Scout movement in that country is still going forward, though it is not officially identified with the similar movements elsewhere, but has been merged in the general youth movement of the Hitler government. In his opinion, said Mr. Head, the youths of that nation are being shaped into splendid manhood. Views differ, of course, as to what constitutes splendid manhood, but we can think of no definition acceptable to intelligent people in America that could possibly describe the ideals now being inculcated by the Nazi state. If what is going on in Germany has the official approval of the Boy Scouts of America, we have been grossly misled regarding that body.

As Italy Marches On

THE PAST seven days have been fateful ones in Europe. Both Great Britain and France have now gone as far as they possibly can in threatening to use force against Italy if Ethiopia is attacked, and the Italian government has replied that there will be no compromise and that war is inevitable. In this critical juncture it may be useful to look briefly at the "parallelogram of forces" that exists at a moment that can fairly be compared with July, 1914.

Will Italy Go to War?—All reliable evidence indicates that Mussolini is not bluffing, and that hostilities against Ethiopia are likely to begin within a few days or weeks. Whatever may have been his motives originally, he has got himself into a position where he probably cannot stop even if he wanted to. Italy's economic position is so precarious, however, that Mussolini's only hope would seem to be an early victory, or something that can be made to appear as such. A serious defeat for the Italian arms or even long-drawn-out, inconclusive guerrilla warfare might easily result in a crisis at home and the overthrow of the dictatorship.

Will Sanctions Be Applied?—Sanctions under the League of Nations, like the new American neutrality legislation, do not come into effect until after a war has actually begun. Beforehand, all that the nations can do is to threaten to apply them if and when the first shot has been fired. These threats have already been made, and the question remains: Will the League make good its promise, once Italy has taken the field? Mussolini has already said that "sanctions mean war." While it is hard to believe he is mad enough to begin hostilities against France, England and, for that matter, most of the civilized world, it was also hard to believe he would get himself into his present position.

It seems clear that France and Great Britain, now that the attempt to stop Mussolini has failed, will seek by every means in their power to avoid applying sanctions, with all the desperate consequences such an act entails. But they, also, may have started something they cannot stop. Their obligation under the League Covenant is unmistakable and it will be hard to find a formula for evading it. The trade-union movement in both countries is in favor of the use of sanctions, on the almost certainly false assumption that these sanctions will bring the war to an end. In England, particularly, there is strong popular sentiment in favor of this course.

What Do the Nations Want?—France, now as always, is thinking primarily of her own safety. She has been trying for years to get from Great Britain an unqualified pledge of support in case she should be attacked by Germany, and her nervous-

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ness is indicated by her refusal to admit that she has sufficient security in the League Covenant and the Locarno Pact. Her reluctance to break with Italy is partly because she feels that the friendship of Rome diminishes the German threat and particularly in regard to a possible seizure of Austria. When M. Laval supported the position of Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva last week, he did so, presumably, because he felt that the collective system represented in the League of Nations is a fundamental base of French policy and because he feared that if France failed to stand by the British, they might withdraw from the League and as far as possible from the whole European situation.

Great Britain, of course, finds herself in an equally serious position. Heretofore, the Mediterranean has been an English lake, and a lake of vital importance to the Empire because it is part of the sea route to India, Australia and the whole East. With the changes in the technique of naval warfare brought about by new developments in the submarine and the bombing airplane, Italy today for the first time is in a position to challenge British control all the way from Gibraltar to Suez; and Mussolini is obviously in a mood to do exactly that.

In Western Europe, Russia's interests are now closely linked with those of France. Like Paris, Moscow fears German aggression, and doubly so because she is still menaced by Japan in the Far East and it is of vital importance to her not to fight on two fronts at once. She, also, wants to see the collective system maintained. She would be glad to have Great Britain pledged to join France in keeping Hitler down.

Germany, not unnaturally, sees the present moment as a golden one. Italy is wooing Herr Hitler in the hope that if the League should apply sanctions, supplies may be obtained from Germany. What have France and England to offer in competition with Il Duce? For one thing, money; and for another, tacit consent to the carrying out of Hitler's plans in the Baltic. It was probably not a mere coincidence that Dr. Schacht's conciliatory speeches came only a short time before Germany attempted to float a loan in London. (How desperate is her need of such a loan may be realized from Paul Crosser's article, "Where Does Hitler Get the Money?" in this issue of The New Republic.) It was also no coincidence, in all likelihood, that London's blunt refusal to make a loan was followed within forty-eight hours by the new restrictions upon the Jews, reducing them almost to slavery, and by the strong hints that Germany is preparing to take Memel away from Lithuania. In a pinch, Great Britain could reverse herself on the question of a loan to Germany; but it is hardly possible that Britain and France can offer so much as can Italy, which can play the trump card of consenting to the Anschluss.

Is a European Conflagration Coming?—Everyone has long known that there was grave danger of a general European war within the next three or five years. Does the present crisis mean that such a war is now likely within the next three or five months? It is impossible to answer such a question with finality at the present time. Against it are several factors: Russia's desperate desire for peace, the fact that Germany is not yet ready, but needs at least another year of preparation, the French domestic difficulties between the Right and the Left, Italy's serious financial and economic plight, rendered graver by her Ethiopian adventure, Great Britain's fear of the submarine and airplane, not only as they could be used by Italy in the Mediterranean, but as Germany might employ them against the British Isles. Into the other side of the balance must be put Hitler's belief that dissension among his enemies gives him his chance, the reckless megalomania that he shares with Mussolini, the French belief that Hitler is weaker now than he will be at any time in the next decade and, finally, the electric atmosphere throughout Europe which may at any time set off the powder mine.

Should We Coöperate with the League?—There are two powerful tides of sentiment in the United States today. One of these says that America should remain aloof at all hazards. The other, voiced by many persons who cannot be suspected of self-interest, argues that in this critical juncture in world history, we should lend the great weight of our authority to the effort to prevent war through the League's machinery, should announce in advance that we will participate in the sanctions that the League applies. While recognizing the sincerity of those who advocate the latter course, The New Republic believes that wisdom and ultimate justice are with the former. For fifteen years this paper has pointed out that the Great Powers were following courses of which the final outcome could only be war. We have repeatedly argued that no one of them could come into court with clean hands, so far as judgment against an aggressor was concerned. We have said that sanctions inevitably lead to war and may actually be as disastrous in their effects as war itself. We have pointed out that when you go to war from the purest of motives, these motives quickly disappear in the brutal, elemental clash of force and force.

We take it for granted that the overwhelming majority of all Americans believe the right is with Ethiopia in the present dispute; but we still feel that, to paraphrase a famous saying of the 1870's, the way to abstain is to abstain. Our present neutrality legislation, wisely, in our judgment, makes no distinction between the belligerents in any conflict. It is true that such legislation may operate with greater injustice to one side than to the other, and that the nation most severely penalized may be the victim. But it is better to attempt neutrality, however heavy the cost, than to join an effort to prevent war that is almost certain to be the first chapter in a new conflict.

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Back to Raking Leaves?

FOLLOWING his settlement of the "quarrel" between Messrs. Ickes and Hopkins last week at Hyde Park, Mr. Roosevelt discussed the work-relief program at length. His description seemed to indicate that its basic principles have altogether changed. What Mr. Roosevelt described was another C.W.A., but a C.W.A. on a meaner scale, with fewer workers employed, and at lower wages. Of the $4,000,000,000 work-relief fund, the P.W.A will receive a maximum of $325,000,000, or about eight percent. P.W.A. low-cost housing will get a maximum of $100,000,000. No estimate was given of the number of workers to be employed by the P.W.A., but 500,000 is probably high.

Except for special groups, artists, actors, musicians and students, the majority of the unemployed are to be put at work on small civic improvements of the type undertaken in normal times by municipalities, counties and other political subdivisions as a matter of course. They will lay sewers, build sidewalks and resurface roads. As the list of W.P.A. projects already under way in New York City indicates, a large number will be employed on parks and playgrounds. Such projects are not unworthy in themselves, and do not deserve the hoots of derision that they are now receiving in the anti-New Deal press. It is an excellent thing to have more wading pools and golf courses; it is even desirable that autumn leaves should be neatly raked up. But as a program for ending unemployment, this concentration on small civic jobs seems to us utterly mistaken. Aside from all other drawbacks, it is bound to encourage municipalities to turn over to the W.P.A. work that they otherwise would undertake by their own efforts. The $4,000,000,000 work-relief fund was voted to provide new employment. At least part of it is now to be used solely to relieve municipal budgets and local taxpayers.

The most startling fact to emerge from the President's talk, however, is the extent to which the relief program has already been curtailed. During the debate on the $4,000,000,000 fund, the administration repeatedly pledged itself to provide jobs for each of the 3,500,000 relief families containing one employable member. Mr. Roosevelt now says that he expects only "90-percent effectiveness," and that he will consider this "a good showing." It is doubtful if the 350,000 families thus summarily denied the chance for jobs will be as satisfied as he is. Mr. Roosevelt also announces that each member of the C.C.C. will be counted as the head of a relief family. This is a repudiation of former policy. There are doubtless cases where a member of the C.C.C. has only one dependent relative, a widowed mother, for example, and where the $25 a month wage of the C.C.C. will suffice for his or her maintenance, but such cases must be relatively rare. Under the original conception of the work-relief program, the 600,000 jobs furnished by the C.C.C. were not to be counted in the total of 3,500,000 that the administration promised to create.

From Mr. Roosevelt's talk and recent announcements of Mr. Hopkins, the outlines of the administration's program are becoming evident. The administration proposes, in the first place, to break up the mass of unemployed into groups. Artists, numbering about 30,000, will have their own special program. Young men and women will be cared for by the C.C.C. and the National Youth Administration. The aged have already been turned back to the states to be supported by old-age pensions. In addition, the administration will carry through to completion the public works that have been already begun, the great Bonneville Dam, the Passamaquoddy project and the T.V.A. It will also continue its normal government construction program, post offices, river and harbor improvements, etc.

No exact estimate of the number that will be cared for under these group programs can be made at present, but no one believes that it will exceed 1,500,000. There is no hint in the administration's plans of how the remaining 2,000,000 families on relief are to be supported once the present W.P.A. projects end on July 1, 1936. In his Hyde Park statement, Mr. Roosevelt said he hoped that by then the public-works program would be in a position to take over all W.P.A. workers. But, in view of its limited allotment of funds, it is obviously impossible for the P.W.A. to prepare projects for more than a small fraction of the unemployed. In the light of the administration's plans, the President's optimism seems thoroughly unfounded.

Huey's Heirs

NO EVENT in Huey Long's career was more significant than his burial. Among the hundred thousand people who, for thirty-six hours, choked the roads leading to Baton Rouge, there were doubtless many curiosity-seekers, but the majority were plain, poor people who had come to mourn a man they felt was their protector and friend. The Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, preaching the funeral sermon, described them as "rednecks, Cajuns, carpenters and hill-billies, the shrimp fishermen and the moss fishermen, the doctors and lawyers." Probably few doctors or lawyers in the crowd grieved for Long, but the poor people obviously did.

The situation of the poor-white farmer in Louisiana and other Southern states is not very different from that of the poor farmer in the Middle West. But there is one, perhaps superficial, difference. Traditionally, in the Middle West, the owners of family farms formed the dominant class. At times they have prospered. During the present depression their most articulate demand has been for relief from mortgage foreclosures. The goal of a group like Milo Reno's Farm Holiday Association is essentially a return to a preëxisting, happier state.

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A large part of the South, in contrast, has a plantation tradition. The owners of family farms have never been the dominant group, and have no happier past to look back on. When Smith declared that Louisiana has always belonged "to the feudal lords, the cotton kings, the sugar kings and money kings, who have kept our people back in the woods in darkness and ignorance, without roads, without lights, without books," he was stating the truth in moderate terms.

This difference between the South and the Middle West probably accounts for the slight place that currency inflation, and other debt-escaping devices, had among Share-Our-Wealth doctrines. The Southern farmer, never having had any property, wanted a fundamental redistribution. This circumstance gave the Share-Our-Wealth movement its ostensible radicalism and made it of more importance than any other agrarian movement.

The poor-white revolt has now reached a high peak of intensity. With very little change in its doctrines, it could attract the farm laborers and tenant farmers of the post-war Middle West and, allying itself with the unemployed of the towns and cities, make its bid for national power. Many acute observers believe that the next significant political movement will arise in the South. Because Huey Long had become hopelessly enmeshed in Louisiana political thuggery, it is doubtful if he himself ever could have led a national campaign. But what is the likelihood that another leader will spring up, take over the Share-Our-Wealth crusade, and turn it into a nationwide, lower-middle-class, potentially fascist, movement?

Long's immediate successor is Smith, eloquent, a former pastor of a well-to-do Shreveport church, and the possessor of a far more realistic conception of the political and economic implications of the Share-Our-Wealth doctrine than Long himself appeared to have. According to report, Smith, alone of Long's associates, has not shared in the graft of his political machine, has lived in real poverty, and, as he boasted at Long's grave, has clothed himself in Huey's cast-off suits. However, Smith idolized Long, and shut his eyes to all Long's obvious misdeeds. This quality of doglike subservience to a stronger individual does not argue for his success as an independent leader.

More important, Smith faces a probably fatal obstacle in the sub-leaders of the Long machine—Colonel Seymour Weiss, Abe Shushan, Lieutenant Governor Noe, Public Service Commissioner Wade Martin and Speaker Allen J. Ellenden of the Louisiana House of Representatives. Rendered desperate by Long's death, this little gang is ready to do whatever it must do to maintain its position. Weiss and Shushan are under indictment for evasion of income taxes, and Noe's income-tax returns are being investigated. They want these prosecutions called off, and if the Roosevelt administration will agree to this, they will bury the Share-Our-Wealth movement without ceremony. At present, the prospect is that the administration will refuse to make terms with the Long machine and will try to blot it out. But, whatever happens, there will be no more funds for organization purposes, and no more political support, for Smith. The loss probably means his finish.

What chance is there that a man outside Louisian may attract to himself the religious devotion of the poor whites that centered around Long? Two possibilities have been suggested, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi and Governor Talmadge of Georgia. Both are improbable. Bilbo is personally hated by the Share-Our-Wealth members, and Smith has accused him of being among the apparently mythical group that is supposed to have plotted Long's assassination. Bilbo is a changed man since the days of his governorship. The entertaining, lazy, timid Pat Harrison, senior Senator from Mississippi, has outdone himself in his efforts to propitiate Bilbo, and has handed over to him a large part of Mississippi's federal patronage. Bilbo has now become a person of consequence in Washington, is delighted with his position, and the chance of his leading any movement likely to embarrass Mr. Roosevelt is remote.

The suggestion that Governor Talmadge will become a successor to Long is faintly absurd. The sole bonds between Long and Talmadge were a mutual dislike of Roosevelt and a practical sense of the profits of politics. Talmadge has allied himself with the textile-mill owners and power interests of Georgia and Alabama and it is inconceivable that he would embark on a crusade that did not have their full approval. If Talmadge ever initiates a poor-white movement, it will be deliberately fascist and will have none of the spontaneous, popular character possessed by the Share-Our-Wealth campaign.

The discontent that Long capitalized, however, will not disappear if it fails at once to find a leader. The poor-white group in the South forms one of the great areas of political strain, and this strain will increase until either its demands are granted, or blind, heedless revolt breaks out.

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My Town

THE VILLAGE where I live on the St. Croix River, in the old lumber territory of Minnesota, is a tomb. It has been wrecked by methods of primitive accumulation, laissez-faire individualism, pioneer habits of settlement, gambling in town lots, speculation in railroad stocks, exaggeration of opportunities, launching of gargantuan enterprises on no capital, huge capitalization of a balmy future no one has ever seen, and all the fantastic idealism under which were hidden the gigantic greed, the mean cunning and the vast piracy that marked the development of America.

The Twin Cities have been built and fed with hundreds of cities and ruined towns like this one. These ghost cities, empty, dead, silent, rotting in the sun, are all over America. Those like my town are the worst, however, because the living stalk, along the grass-grown streets, is left to die and rot in the vast dream of plunder never received.

In this village, now of only a few hundred inhabitants, there used to be a migrating population of thousands of people. There were grist mills, rock quarry, river boats, lumber mills, dance halls, saloons and a hotel and dry-goods store three stories high. Now there are not more than a hundred houses in the town. You can see the old foundations in the ground, showing where the houses have been carted off. The young people have gone. The fine houses that bear a decided New England stamp are decaying. It looks like an evacuated, war-torn town. It is.

This has been a battleground of the lumber kings. This was an empire, not a bailiwick. Every man supposedly had a chance at the plunder. Adventure and ambition made the Northwest noisy. As Mr. James Goodhue of the St. Paul paper said, "Our blood is red." It was the day of the individual, but no one said which individual. There were rich land, streams, lumber. They came from New England, the Middle East, the Old Country: captains, merchants, workers, mechanics, thinking to rise socially in a frontier society. They advertised the Middle West, which is really uninhabitable, as California was later advertised. The climate was said to cure fever, ague, consumption. The advertisements said that you could kill forty-two ducks at one shot. Mr. John Nininger, who hoped to found a great city bearing his own name—which now has no landmark except the house of Ignatius Donnelly—sent out posters on every ship between here and the Old Country grandiosely stating:

> The town of Nininger, situated in Minnesota, a prominent point for a large commercial town, being backed by an extensive agriculture, grazing and farming country, has fine streams in the interior, well adapted for all milling manufacture. Water power to any extent.
>
> Mr. John Nininger, a gentleman of large means, ideas, liberal, speaking various languages, is the principal proprietor. He laid it out on such principles as to encourage all mechanics, merchants or professionals of all kinds on the same equality and footing.

At the same time J. J. Hill and six canny Scotsmen were holding on, waiting for suckers. Hill said, We don't have to worry about the watered stock, we have already let in Lake Superior. He built railroads as a trap, a mesh to catch his victims. Six trains of immigrants went through St. Paul every day. Hill went down to watch his chickens walk into the trap. And they came. Every nationality. You can see their names on the tombstones now in all the cemeteries—Alexander McHalle, Andrew Mackay, Lemuel Boles, Jacob Fischer, Asa Tract, Emil Munch.

The Democrats invented mythical cities, ghost towns, and had them vote and sold lands from them. The 1857 census showed flourishing towns that did not exist, nor ever would. Land speculation rose to dizzy heights. Town lots were sold on paper. Counties were established with no people in them. Sawmills, breweries went up, oyster saloons, dams were built, bottom lands were flooded, Indian rice fields were destroyed. Newspapers sprang up to cover the knavery with high gesture and hifalutin word. "What the crack mare is to the Vermonter, the town lot or quarter section is to us. Land is our stock in trade," said Mr. Nininger's paper. "To the industrious and conscientious man a crash never comes." A crash came within three years.

Frederick E. Weyerhaeuser and E. W. Backus began to sugar off the timber. This means they bought all the timber in near-by districts so that buyers had to pay a higher transportation cost from more remote forests. The timber in the nearer districts was thus increased enormously in value. This is called sugaring off, and it produced the great cartels and monopolies that ruined the little men. All sources of raw material were quickly seized and closed up.

The Weyerhaeusers now have ninety-four corporations, steamship companies of their own, and have made more money in lumber than anyone else ever has. Rugged individualism has been a cover for the complete stripping of lumber from the hills of the Northwest, and for ravaged woodland and lakes and rivers. From this high-powered "development"—buccaneering under the guise of progress—has come strangulation and pauperism for the majority of us in the Northwest.

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This is the way it went. Through the virgin land first came the cruiser and the compass men to count, grade and measure every tree, then the railroad went through, industry followed, then the fallers and the buckers and the logging crew. After the loggers had passed, the money was reaped, the land ravaged, the bare hills were left for agriculture. This land has undergone a progressive deterioration under usury and taxation, so that we have been bartering and exchanging produce for two years and last year had no goods to exchange.

I have heard that what makes the coffee tree in Mexico so rich is that a peon is buried beneath every tree. In the cemetery on the cliff above my house are buried the fallers, the bull buckers, whistle punks, carpenters, rigging slingers, loggers, sawyers and the Finnish buckers and their sons and daughters. There must have been a man's failure for every tree felled in the boom, and 46,000,000,000 board feet a year came out for a while. They came down fast, the white pine, red jack, birch, beech, maple and hemlock, the cream of the wood that wouldn't grow again for a thousand years. And a man is valuable also. Beneath the wealth of these few men lie the lives of thousands of unknown teamsters, loggers, whistle punks, and for every tree there is a mad man or a dead one or, worse still, the living dead of my village and all the other small river towns that linger on to mark the desolation and the ruin.

II

The town that Nininger advertised with such aplomb boomed, zoomed, fell like a plummet in the panic, and then went bankrupt again when another town, Hastings, outbid it for the railroad. But it was a good game while it lasted. Ignatius Donnelly, a young attorney from the East, barely turned twenty-five and not too successful, came out to run the paper and make civic virtue the other half of greed. In middle-class psychology lies every weapon to conceal its rapacity. The eras of great democratic oratory are the eras of greatest knavery and chicanery. Donnelly dreamed their dreams for them, of a well rounded intellectual and social life. "Culture and refinement," that was the ticket. Two young ladies were to come to teach French and fancy work and music. They never came. No one in this vicinity knows any French or music. However, Philip Rohr, a musician, did come from Boston and gave concerts through the cold Minnesota winters, over the shouts of bidders for sky-high and soaring lots.

Donnelly insisted there must be a free public library, school atheneum and lyceum. Lecturers did come from the East, but there was never an atheneum. It was a racket too. The undelivered stock certificates were found later in Donnelly's effects. They had been sold for $25 each. Culture and speculation should go side by side, according to Donnelly.

Within a shorter time than it takes to tell it, there were two sawmills in Nininger, a grist mill, a plow mill, eight general stores, private bankers and real-estate men of course. They were "birthing" a great city. Donnelly saved every single clipping and every poster because he thought it would be of great value when Nininger was a metropolis. They were going to build a mammoth hotel, the like of which had scarcely ever been seen. Donnelly ordered a ferry boat, tremendous, gigantic, bigger and better. Donnelly made a fortune in one year from prices that doubled and tripled over night. He lamented grotesquely, "Here I am, twenty-six, and I have already acquired a great fortune. What shall I do to occupy myself the rest of my life?" He acquired this fortune by skinning everyone, not once but twice, buying land for $6 and selling it for as much as $250, and then selling it over again.

The first Fourth of July celebrated at Nininger was something to write home about. A steamer came down from the cities black with people. A cannon was fired in the bow as a salute and blew the mate's hand off. There were dancing and ball games and the young New England ladies took a pledge "not to keep company or join in sacred bonds of matrimony with any young gentleman who is not in favor of the Maine liquor law." At the same time there were prodigious gambling, drinking, shooting of Indians, brawls.

A dinner was given to the promoters, all the fantastic and flamboyant Babbitts, drunk with this fair land and the great eagle that was certainly spreading itself for them. At this dinner these amiable and familiar ideals were toasted roundly: The Day We Celebrate, The President, Minnesota, Our Town, Our Sister City, The Railroad, The Press, The Great Yankee Nation, Our Host and Our Dinner, and then, running out, The Ladies, God Bless 'Em. They could do no more.

From all this nothing remains. In the ensuing panic the town went bankrupt. The mammoth hotel was never built, the gigantic ferry never delivered. Now if you drive by there you can see, if you search for them, the old foundations lost in the undergrowth, and Donnelly's house in ruins. Old men now deal in this ghostly property that is recorded, I suppose, in a tangle of possessions and mortgages of the dead and lost. History stagnates here where it was violated. Wandering, plowing in the spring, farmers and their sons soured by embittered dreams. They still wonder why it was they didn't almost make a fortune off that corner lot they had. Scavengers, hardly from a wish of their own, they pick the bones when they expected a feast and swear they really did see a mirage of all good things that strangely passed them by. They are only sad now, not that they missed an abundant life, but that they did not get in on the best picking, that they do not live on the high streets made by sugaring off.

The empire was built upon skeletons, and Mr. Donnelly's vaunted culture was a cover for rapa-

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cious speculation. When dog eats dog, no matter what fine name you give the feast, it turns into a shambles.

III

A good civilization gives the greatest possible scope to the common passions and makes them intelligible among the greatest number of people. But I look out of my window in this village and see old men walking slowly down the curve of a hill, picking berries or looking for mushrooms. I can see the blacksmith's from here and the scattered white houses. In each one there is a man or a woman alone, barricaded in an inimical society, who does not know what he or she will have to eat this winter. They have been wrenched apart and now they are isolated in a dream. Their loss and their grief are all they have in common. They do not know what has happened. They have the loneliness and the morbid sensibility of the Middle Westerner, of the ravaged prairies made still more lonely by the human wolves competing on them.

They are good people; they have been thrifty, industrious, saving. They are all men who worked in the lumber industry and women who remember the days when the goose hung high and the droppings were rich from the great lumber booms, and trains stopped on sidings, and all the money that was made was spent by the lumber jacks on Saturday on race horses and women. In this village, however, there was never much carousing or hifalutin nonsense like riding in carriages or keeping race horses or gambilng dens. They were respectable and started out from the first with a minister. They kept the houses they built as much like their New England ones as they could, comfortable and warm, but felt there was something indecent about too soft chairs or too fancy food or high living of any kind. Everyone had his nose to the grindstone.

Moses Perin built the Shanghai mill. Joseph Freeman had the hotel, Adam Nye the blacksmith shop. Grey ran the saloon. Augustus Ballard was a lawyer (where is he now?). Freeman had the livery too. Mrs. Gehegan came from New York (she's an old half-mad woman now who lives in the deserted hotel). She brought with her fancy clothes, yards and yards of ribbon to a skirt and strange little velvet bows for her hair. David Hanna came from New Brunswick and learned carpentry. James Norton started for the pineries as a cook. Markel was a sawyer and a filer. John Mathews was a Boston pilot who came out for land and married Mary Lucy. Reuben O'Leary's sons were carpenters and molders, good workmen, and he married Martha Freeman, who lived until year before last.

What has come of all this energy of life?

There is a town hall in which little takes place; the village is practically bankrupt. A meeting was held in the fall to find out whether they could open the village school or not. A minister divides his times between several towns. An ice-cream social is given to raise our share of his salary. It looks like a village ravaged by some kind of obscure war. The people look as if they had been left from a departing and vicious army of occupation. The young have all gone away; only the bootlegger's family is intact. Some old men can still scrape up a few pennies for bad moonshine, to tide them over until they can die. Physically, you live a long time here.

They fish and play cards and I do not know how they live. No money has been in their hands for four years at least, except a little doled out by the federal government. They are bred in disillusionment and hatred, with no essential union, soured and gangrened by their labor, for which they have received nothing but death. They have nothing now because, ever since their youth, they were looking ahead to a prosperity that never came. This prosperity has taken the place of anticipation and looking back to failure has taken the place of memory or love. They put everything into this and without it they have nothing. Because of this chimera, this mythical success, which from the beginning was impossible, they have lost all organic realization and have no living moment. They worked from the beginning with all their intensity for a success whose maggotty rottenness could feed no one, not even those who attained it.

In all this time, in the seventy-five years many of them have lived here, plowed the land, cut down the timber, there has been no song and no myth. Do you see wheat or corn embroidered on any pillow case or table cloth? Do you hear one song about the planting or the harvest? You see nothing, you hear nothing. Communal life has been removed to the monopoly, the trust.

The myth might be of Backus or Hill or Long, but who tells any tales now even of their wealth? Who remembers Frederick Weyerhaeuser driving in his sleigh buying timber? No one. When Backus died recently in New York amid papers showing securities and investments that he had already forgotten meant blood and bones, did anybody mourn him? Not the masses.

They do not even mourn their own dead in the cemetery back of my house where all the cookies, fallers and buckers are buried—all those unknown workers who made it pay. The young people get whatever pleasure they can now lying on their graves at night, but no danger of them having eleven children like their sires, or believing in that kind of buccaneering or "culture."

Everyone in the village rots in his house alone, with loss and hatred and foul dreams of being gypped, old men and women starving through the winter, each falling away from the other, turning malicious and deathly, with no rich or integrated life, not remembering wife or child.

And now they say the Democrats have gone mad, they are mad men now sure enough, wasters of good cattle, good corn, good wheat; good work is

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gone, proud flesh, rich harvest destroyed. The wood is chopped, sawed, dispersed, the forest plundered, the land misused and now the flesh of highly bred cattle put in quicklime. And not even pleasure to show for it. What does it mean? They ask themselves; they ask each other. There is something that startles them now between this hunger and that early plundering.

They stand for that loss of life and energy which must cease, for that spurious "individualism" which, no matter how rugged, means only chaos and death.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

Counter-Attack at Pittsburgh

IN THE midst of the anti-Red hysteria now sweeping American colleges, frightening college presidents and hysterical legislators into faculty "purges" and aimless witch-hunts, Pennsylvania liberals have waged an effective counter-attack in Pittsburgh that has shaken all forty stories of the skyscraper Cathedral of Learning. In the erstwhile citadel of the Mellon machine, the liberal forces have themselves utilized a legislative investigation in a drive to force reform on the University of Pittsburgh, where academic freedom had ceased to exist long before Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler sold out Columbia and a drug-store magnate saw Red at Chicago.

It was a strange train of circumstances that reversed the national trend and sent a legislative committee to search out Pitt for reaction. The direct excuse for it was the dismissal of Dr. Ralph E. Turner, for nine years a professor of History at the University, an inspiring teacher and a dynamic liberal influence throughout the state. A leader in the Pennsylvania Security League—hard-hitting lobbyists for labor legislation—Turner won solid allies within organized-labor and Democratic Party ranks and made bitter enemies among the Pennsylvania feudalists.

But Turner's dismissal was only the last of a series of suppressions that had become the policy of the university administration. When faculty members were discharged for aiding labor or attacking the coal-and-iron police, when liberal students were expelled or arrested, the consequent publicity was constant, critical and in such volume that the administration blamed a "smear Pitt" campaign for its difficulties.

Actually, the University "smeared" itself and the public did not forget. In addition, the $10,000,000 Cathedral of Learning was a failure; with the depression, its sides stood naked until the C.W.A. decently clothed them with stone. Mass-production methods at the University did not endear it to its alumni. A singularly unpersonable set of administrative officers was able to command very little loyalty. And there was no backlog of popular support on which the University could rely, save the D.A.R. and the Chamber of Commerce. When Turner's dismissal was made public, David L. Lawrence, Democratic state chairman, pledged an investigation. So did the Governor, Gifford Pinchot. In session, the Democratic House kept its leader's pledge, and on strict party lines voted to conduct an inquiry into the University's worthiness to receive $1,188,000 of the commonwealth's money in view of its policies of academic freedom and tenure.

The investigation was not all it should have been, but it brought results. The University's unsavory record was detailed in newspaper copy and in sworn testimony. Chancellor John G. Bowman's mental nudity was exposed in the glare of two days' testimony. Pressure accumulated to shake loose the Mellon-controlled, self-perpetuating board of trustees, among them Andrew W. Mellon himself, flanked by a nephew and a nephew by marriage, supported by the heads of his companies and the directors of his banks. Pitt's remaining liberals were ensured of their jobs for the duration of the Democratic administration at Harrisburg.

The more courageous of the University's professors told the committee that they worked in an "atmosphere of fear and insecurity." Dr. Colston E. Warne came from Amherst to tell of his two "firings" at Pitt—the first for his publicized studies of the 1928 coal strike, the second for his work in the American Civil Liberties Union. Fortuitous circumstances prevented the completion of either "firing," but Dr. Warne resigned. W. Ellison Chalmers, once a Pitt instructor in Economics, described the fellowship the Pitt administration had offered him if he would leave—and leaving, abandon the striking taxicab drivers he was aiding and the campaign for civil liberties he had led. After Chalmers refused the bait, the University doubled the offer; then fired him outright. The unanimous protest of his department saved him for one term.

One faculty member was told, he testified, by the chancellor's second in command that his testimony against the Mellon machine in the senatorial investigation of the Vare-Pepper primary "had ruined his future" at Pitt. Another man, summarily discharged for his support of the disbanded Liberal Club, was warned by his dean that his writings on the state police and the coal-and-iron police had made Governor John S. Fisher "mad as a hornet" and endangered the University's appropriation.

Hugh Wing, an English instructor, was told by the head of his department "that it was dangerous

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even to mention Russia," and that it was the University's policy to discharge faculty members who "got in a mess, innocent or guilty." Wing's "mess" was a parent's protest against his assignment of socialized medicine as a theme topic. Student witnesses described the University's efforts to suppress their activities. The original Pitt Liberal Club was disbanded, its leaders expelled, after the campus detective had chased off the grounds Harry Elmer Barnes, who was to have addressed its banned Mooney-Billings meeting. More recently, groups were refused charters (by the business manager, of all people) because they "might send resolutions to Harrisburg," as one university witness testified.

Turner, in testimony full of the drama and color that had made him the most popular teacher at Pitt and the most feared by its reactionary rulers, told how he was forced out. In 1933 his contract was held up until he resigned as state chairman of the Security League. In 1934 it was renewed with the statement that "he had played the game." In the spring of that year the chancellor had failed miserably in a campaign to complete his dream Cathedral; in June, while he sulked over the failure, Turner was paid his salary as per contract and told he was through as a professor. He got no official explanation. The chancellor told him:

"There is discontent in the community. The board of trustees is a group of business men and among them you will find a great deal of discontent."

Previously, another witness testified, the chancellor had called in the dean of the college and asked him, pointing to Turner's name on the budget:

"What shall we do with these two radicals in the History department?" including Dr. B. J. Hovde in the question. But the chancellor finally explained that Turner was dismissed because of his lack of the "proper spiritual outlook," a scoffing attitude toward religion.

Dr. Bowman, in the heat of cross-examination, disclosed something of his real views. "Academic freedom is the privilege to devote oneself to study and research, and to publish his findings," said he. "It is not the privilege to engage in partisan propaganda and expect the university to protect one from the results of such propaganda. Practically every case I have ever known—I think every case I have ever known—has been brought about by men who were mentally immature, a bit out of proportion, or lacking a sense of responsibility." He had "not been impressed with the usefulness" of the American Civil Liberties Union, he said.

The committee sidestepped an investigation of the university's finances, and it was, of course, incompetent to study the decline of the school's educational standards. Some interesting facts, such as the chancellor's $31,500 annual salary, came out in cross-examination. It was revealed that many of Pitt's trustees do not make direct personal contributions to the support of the University, even though they are widely believed to do so, but levy on their corporations' stockholders and employees —a pleasantly piratical practice that ceased with the depression, leaving 97 percent of the burden of the school's upkeep in the hands of the students and the state.

The report of the committee, issued in the final week of the legislative session, found the University at fault in every instance save the dismissal of Turner. Sidestepping the Turner case with no decision, the committee found "unjustifiable interference" with Warne's and Chalmers' activities. It found a "distinct tendency to abrogate and nullify any attempt on the part of students to become engaged in activities of a liberal nature." The University should have expected a protest demonstration "by virtue of the national and international sentiment against war and in favor of peace" when it invited General MacArthur to be its commencement speaker. The committee upheld the American Association of University Professors' definition of academic freedom as "ideal." The committee members recommended the reorganization of the board of trustees to include elected alumni and appointees of the Governor. They asked a system of guaranteed tenure for the university teaching staff.

But once again they sidestepped. They did not recommend that the state appropriation be made contingent on the University's adoption of their recommendations. The University proceeded to flout the reproof. "All politics," said George H. Clapp, a founder of the Aluminum Company of America and president of the board of trustees. Another trustee quoted darkly from the grass-roots: "It's dangerous business to monkey with constitutions."

The appropriation was passed in haste and came to rest on the desk of Governor Earle. An ex-officio trustee of the University, the Governor had come away unimpressed by his first trustees' meeting. He held the appropriation to the last legal day, and on that day he signed it with an ultimatum that cannot fail to reshape Pitt's policies:

> I wish to sound a definite warning that I will expect full freedom of speech and full academic freedom to be granted and respected by the officials of the University of Pittsburgh during the next biennium. The failure of this institution to permit such freedom in the past brought well merited criticism. Suppression of discussion is a violation of constitutional liberty, and will not be permitted in any institution which receives state aid and the support of the taxpayers of the state. Specifically I warn that the recommendations of the legislative committee which investigated the University of Pittsburgh must be most carefully heeded, and action taken accordingly.

"As quickly as possible" the Mellon-controlled self-perpetuating board of trustees must be dissolved, he demanded, to be replaced by the democratized system advocated by the committee.

"If the warning is not respected," he concluded, "I shall be forced to consider the University of Pittsburgh a private institution for the promotion

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of private interests, entitled to no support from the commonwealth, and, accordingly, I will approve no future appropriation for the University." The University has met the challenge sullenly. Under the advice of his public-relations counsel, the chancellor has refused to speak. The trustees have been away on their summer vacations. But they have no choice. The state provides the quarter of operating income not paid by the students. The Governor's dictum must prove even more compelling than the complaints of the steel masters and the bankers.

J. ALFRED WILNER.

The Revolt in Asturias

The insurrection in Spain last October was crowded out of the American newspapers first by the World Series, by Dizzy Dean and Schoolboy Rowe, and then by the assassination of King Alexander. The sequel to the insurrection—that is, the bitter fighting around Oviedo—was veiled by the Spanish censorship. Not many people know that following the collapse of the general strike in Madrid and the suppression of the revolt in Catalonia, there was a civil war in the province of Asturias, with tanks and airplanes in the field against the revolutionary miners, thousands of whom were massacred or executed. As late as April of this year there was a band of 300 revolutionists still fighting in the hills.

This account of the civil war in Asturias was written by Maria Teresa Leon, a well known Spanish writer, who recently visited this country with her husband, the poet Rafael Alberti. The Albertis had to report that dozens of their friends were still in jail awaiting trial.—THE EDITORS.

THE Spanish revolution of October, 1934, burst unevenly. The conditions favorable to revolution were not all present. The Socialist Party committee vacillated and did not issue to the masses of Madrid more than a fragmentary manifesto, without any relation to the workers. The arms the workers were waiting for were not given to them, and the revolution narrowed itself to an attempt at a coup d'état, which failed on October 4. In Barcelona the Nationalist petty bourgeoisie capitulated before the central power of Madrid, represented by General Batet, and surrendered unconditionally, without a struggle. In Cataluña the proletariat remained "on the margin." The other Spanish provinces accepted a peaceful general strike, limiting themselves to listening to the messages of the government over the radio. Unorganized and unarmed, they were unable to come to the assistance of Asturias. Asturias, Leon and Palencia witnessed actual insurrection.

Asturias is a mining region in the north of Spain. The capital invested there, except for a small percentage in English hands, is almost all Spanish. Twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and twenty-one workers, most of them Socialists, actually work in the mines. The Communists have a large theoretical influence, and the little anarchist group of Gijon joined the strike from the first. The Miners' Union owned meeting halls, schools, libraries and moving-picture theatres to the value of more than four million pesetas. Today they are all razed, burned down, destroyed; the ruins of those that still stand are used as prisons and barracks for the Civil Guard. When Señor Arturo Lucio, director of the Duro Felguero mines, was asked with what money the workers carried on the revolution, he answered that "the workers had not touched a single centimo of the bosses or of the state to arm themselves."

On October 5, Asturias revolted against fascism. It launched a furious attack in the hope of terminating its sufferings under the suffocating clerical rule. The workers remembered the lesson of Germany and Austria, and took the offensive in defense of their working-class rights. The "Alianzas Obreras" (workers' alliances) became revolutionary committees. Men and women left their homes with guns on their shoulders and marched to join the battle. These fighters were miners, and with charges of dynamite they took possession of the whole region. They thought that all Spain would follow, and that Gil Robles and the black nightmare of the cassock and capitalism would vanish before their valor. They patrolled the streets of Oviedo. They issued decrees to prevent the looting of stores; they rationed food; classes continued in the schools; they sent all the doctors to the hospitals. An armored train brought food from the villages. They even considered attacking the cathedral, although the machine guns of the storm troopers were set up in it. For fourteen days the defenders of Asturias withstood the attacks of the regular army. For fourteen sleepless days the Asturians withstood the advance of fascism.

When, from October 12 to 14, the siege of Oviedo turned into an assault, bombing planes had already destroyed entire streets. The University and the Institute were burning, setting off the stores of dynamite contained in them. Taking the ruining of the library of Oviedo as an excuse, the Spanish reactionaries initiated their campaign, accusing the "rabble" of barbarism. But the "rabble" were not guilty; when they were in power they had destroyed nothing. Later, the defense of the city from the attack of the troops took on the aspect of a war. Boundless heroism sustained them as,

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from house to house, they fought for liberty. The thousands of volumes of the library of Oviedo, none of which the proletariat of Asturias had ever been able to touch, were destroyed by fire started by an airplane bomb. The books of the workers' humble libraries burned too, along with furniture, in the middle of the public squares of the little Austurian villages, but in a much different manner. The Civil Guard lit a bonfire, and then drove the prisoners, their hands tied, through the flames with the butts of their rifles. Some of the men burned to death. What a magnificent spectacle for the delight of the forces of law and order! Spain is a happy land of flowers and sunshine.

The Moroccan troops and the Foreign Legion entered Asturias, laying the countryside waste. They left murdered women and children in their wake, as if the revolution had been the work of the weak and feeble. In the neighborhood of San Esteban de las Cruces, near the cemetery, lived Manuel Alonso with his wife, Julia, and four children. On the fourteenth the two younger children went out to get water at the near-by fountain. The children saw the Moroccans approaching, and ran to hide in the garden under some sacks of beans. They were riddled with bullets. The other brothers and the father came to the door of the house on hearing the report of the guns. They were killed as they stood on the threshold. The mother, wounded in one leg, received first aid in the hospital.

Manuel Fernandez and his brother-in-law were shot in their own house, netting the soldiers two hundred pesetas, rings, watches, clothing, etc. He left seven sons. Interminable lists of names, testifying to the murderous fury of the suppression, filled the memoranda presented to the President of the Republic by a former Republican Minister, Gordon Ordax; a former Socialist Minister, Fernando de los Rios; a deputy, Marcos Miranda, and 527 prisoners in the Oviedo prison. These were not cases of revolutionaries. The heroes had fallen before or were to die later in the prisons. Those who died in the fury of the entrance of the troops, some of them killed as they stood handcuffed, were small storekeepers, farm laborers, business men. The wounded were driven out by blows of rifle-butts, and the coup-de-grace was administered in the courtyard of the hospital. When the revolutionary leader, Belarmino Tomas, conferred with General Lopez Ochoa on the surrender of the mining region, the first thing he begged for in the name of the workers was that neither the Legion nor the Moroccan troops should enter first. Some of the miners had seen the severed heads of their comrades held in the hands of the Moroccans. The same Belarmino Tomas found in a village the corpse of a girl with both arms cut off.

The madness went as far as the shooting of sons before their parents, the imprisonment of mothers, the taking of children as hostages. Torture chambers were prepared to wring confessions from the 60,000 prisoners throughout Spain. Monasteries and nunneries served for this inquisitorial function. Stables sheltered the revolutionists on their return from the torture. Their wounds became infected, but, after all, that is only one of many methods of suppressing men without the use of rifles. Rapid-fire justice in the law courts passed many death sentences, but "officially" they killed only two workers in the early days and, a month later, another two: Sergeant Vasquez and the Communist Arguelles. In the prisons and in the transportation of prisoners, men were victims of the *ley de fugas* ("shot while attempting to escape"). Antonio Sirval, a journalist, was shot while gathering news for his paper. Javier Bueno, editor of the Socialist newspaper Avance, was horribly tortured. Many teachers were shot or tortured. After beating a doctor from Bilbao, they left him alone to die, so that no one might know about it. The schoolmaster of Sabero, in Leon, met the same fate. Wenceslao Roces, professor of Roman Law at the University of Salamanca, was arrested, as well as the painter Luis Quintanilla and many journalists and intellectuals, on the pretext of sympathizing with the proletariat.

To exact confessions from the men who filled the prisons, they tore out their toenails, hung them by the wrists from a rope with their hands tied behind their backs, kept them for hours in cold water, castrated them, beat them with clubs. In the face of these tortures many of the prisoners went mad. Naturally confessions obtained by such methods were false. Some judges refused to hold trials. Several doctors resigned rather than sign certificates of normal death for murdered men.

The medical service and the sanitary conditions in the prisons were utterly shameful. Prisoners at Oviedo submitted a petition to the President of the Republic, describing their treatment. It was so anguished, it showed so patently the demoralization of the administrative forces, the corruption of justice, the lack of the slightest human feeling, that the entire country rose in sympathy. And in spite of the censorship and the bayonets that lined the streets, the terror and the state of war, a group of writers of universal renown—Valle Inclan, Pio Baroja, Unamuno, Azorin—signed a protest. Public opinion was awakened. The enormous crime of the Spanish Conservatives had every aspect of fascism: ferocious, uncontrolled repression, persecution of intellectuals, disregard of human life, attack on all individual and collective freedom.

Then and now, the repression was absolutely uncontrolled by anything but the sadism of the Spanish Civil Guard. Intelligent opinion could not make itself heard because all publications are censored, and the *ley de prensa* (law of the press) threatens the life of every literary organ that has not influential backing. There is no right of assembly, and all civil rights have been suspended. Carrying a leaflet secretly in one's pocket is punishable by a minimum sentence of fourteen years' imprison-

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ment. The President of the Republic himself said in a speech that "The only penalty that preserved his power was that of death."

In Spain today Lerroux and Gil Robles are the government. Recently the two politicians were in disagreement over a sentence. A Socialist deputy accused of being the leader of the insurrection was sentenced to be shot. Gil Robles came to agitate for his death, almost under the very walls of the prison, while young ladies of high society piously collected signatures to speed his execution. But the international protest astounded Lerroux. More than half a million signatures begged for mercy. The Spanish people were roused and telegrams arrived from all parts of the world. Spain is a small country. In the chaos of Europe it is only a speck, but its heroism, its bravery, its strength, did not pass unnoticed. And Lerroux, confronted with the tide of protest, preferred a ministerial crisis. This begins a new phase in the progress of the Spanish Revolution.

Has fascism triumphed in Spain? Categorically, no. We have passed through many months of fascist reaction, but fascism has not been able to bow the head of the Spanish proletariat, nor weaken its struggle. The menace of military dictatorship is always present. Gil Robles will not succeed without a general to sustain him with the sword. If the head of the parties on the Right goes to the elections—which the President of the Republic can call, dissolving the present Parliament—believing in the certainty of a legal triumph like that of Hitler, he will find himself mistaken. The responsibility for his crime can destroy him, and will destroy him. Vengeance, like the Revolution, is also being organized.

MARIA TERESA LEON.

Where Does Hitler Get the Money?

NAZI Germany has recently assured the world that she is unable to pay $250,000,000[1] in the annual interest and amortization on her foreign debts. At the same time, the Hitler government is carrying out a program of rearmament that costs at least five times as much as the annual burden of the foreign debt. To be sure, raising money internally is one thing, and transmitting it across the borders of a country is another; but the transfer problem is not sufficiently serious entirely to explain the discrepancy. The question remains: if Germany is as poor as she claims to be, where does the money come from that is being so lavishly spent on guns, ships and airplanes?

The Reichsbank figures reveal that there has been no substantial increase in currency circulation during the Hitler regime. To be sure, the gold reserve has dropped sharply, particularly since some of it has been used to pay for the importation of raw materials needed for war purposes. Indeed, the Reichsbank's gold supply has almost vanished. It is only about three percent of the money in circulation, and amounts to about $25,000,000 at the present time, having shrunk by almost $75,000,000 since Hitler took office. It is open to dispute, however, whether the official statement that the present gold stock of the Reichsbank is $25,000,000 is correct. Before the depression began in Germany, this stock was more than $500,000,000, and it is hard to believe that all but $25,000,000 has been sent abroad. Some competent authorities believe that at least $125,000,000 is still on hand; one hidden gold stock was discovered by the foreign bankers, who assembled in Germany during the spring of 1934 to discuss the financial crisis. It is obvious, however, that if the Nazis have any such supply of gold, they will use it only in a case of "national emergency"—in other words, a war.

Meanwhile, the unsecured German government debt has risen to nearly $2,500,000,000, which is about 25 percent of the present annual national income. Seventy-five percent of this unsecured debt, of course, rises from expenditures for military purposes, which are now believed to be running as high as $100,000,000 a month. The total German internal indebtedness is now about $25,000,000,000, or one-third of the entire national wealth. That the situation is so serious is not revealed to the masses of the German people; the Ministry of Finance at present does not even make public the budget for the current year. In the endeavor to increase revenues, threats of severe penalties have been made against taxpayers who seek to evade their obligations. While Herr Goebbels loudly boasts that German taxpayers are so patriotic that taxes even exceed the previous estimates, the persons charged with collection of taxes have stated publicly that 30 percent of the tax declarations are fraudulent, and that 10 percent of the taxpayers are keeping double sets of books in order to deceive the government.

An examination of the facts would seem to indicate that the tax collectors' pessimism is justified. The only increase reported is in the return from the sales tax, which is based upon the increase in domestic prices. The revenue from property taxes, and particularly from real-estate taxes, has decreased. The actual tax revenue in 1934 is only 70 percent of that before the depression. Even if every taxpayer were completely honest, however,

[1] Marks are translated into dollars in this article at the rate of 4 marks to the dollar.

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the money obtainable from that source would of course be far smaller than what is needed for rearmament. The utmost that could be expected from normal tax revenues is only about $1,750,000,000 a year. Current expenses of the government leave not much more than $250,000,000 for the maintenance of the military forces. It has been necessary, therefore, to find the money for rearmament in other quarters.

When Dr. Hjalmar Schacht became the financial dictator of Germany, he decided that since the armament increase could not be paid for out of current income, it must be financed out of future income. The Ministry of Finance and the Reichsbank signed notes for billions of marks with the promise to cash them out of the results of future prosperity. At the end of a year, however, Dr. Schacht discovered that even the nominal national income was about the same as before Hitler came to power, and about 40 percent lower than in 1929, the last year of real prosperity. Moreover, Hitler's policy had produced boycotts against German goods in foreign countries that threatened the permanent loss of important export markets, despite subsidies given to export trade, sometimes at the expense of foreign creditors. It was evident that about a million persons employed in the foreign-trade industries in normal times would lose their posts because of the decline. Meanwhile the notes that had been pumped out for the benefit of the armament industry, through government channels, began to flow back.

In this dilemma, it was decided that the industrialists who were receiving substantial assistance from the government should in return supply the national treasury with funds. At the beginning of 1934, a law was put into effect saying that all enterprises were to "hold at the disposal of the government" all dividends exceeding six percent. As might have been expected, industry replied by preparing figures for government inspection which, oddly enough, invariably showed profits that were less than six percent. Thereupon, Dr. Schacht tried a new tack. He ordered the industrialists to turn over to him not less than $250,000,000, with the frank promise that if this sum were not forthcoming, the industrialists stood a good chance of going to jail.

Some German industrial concerns, of course, will be able to pay their share of this without difficulty, and particularly those, such as Krupp, Thyssen and the I. G. Farben chemical concern, which have profited heavily from the newly augmented war industries. Others, however, and especially the producers of consumers' goods, will be robbed by this decree of all their liquid funds and threatened with economic extinction.

In addition, the German savings banks have now been drawn into the circle of Nazi economy. They have been forced to absorb about $250,000,000 of rearmament notes, and an equal amount of these dubious "securities" has been forced upon the various types of insurance companies. It is obvious that, since these institutions are loaded up with what is in effect non-negotiable paper, the liquidity of their assets—and thereby their very existence—is endangered.

Equally difficult is the position of the investment banks, whose funds of course are never in a very liquid condition. The Reichsbank has compelled them to accept the unpopular task of converting short-time government debts with high interest rates ino long-time obligations carrying low interest. Meanwhile, the trade unions and the coöperative associations are also being forced to put their reserve funds into rearmament notes. The Berlin Consumers' Coöperative, which had numerous retail stores in that city, has gone bankrupt after being deprived of all its available working capital. The trade unions are forced for the same reason to reduce their pension payments to their members or the families of deceased members. Even charitable organizations have been forced to take their quota of the rearmament notes. It is believed that one reason why the Catholic orders have transferred part of their funds abroad in violation of Nazi decrees has been to avoid being compelled to purchase these "securities."

Officially, the Nazi government is opposed to inflation. It has loudly announced that it will prevent the return of such a calamity to Germany. Meanwhile, however, the government is taking away all the available funds on which it can get its hands and giving in return its own obligations, whose validity is certainly open to question. While the masses of the people remember from bitter experience the harm that inflation can do, they are unable to follow the complicated financial position that has caused the issue of the rearmament notes. But a day of reckoning is coming. Sooner or later, the German people will discover that they have been deprived of many of their financial resources and that this money has been spent for armaments that can never return either interest or profits to them, even in case of war. PAUL CROSSER.

Railway Tempo

Now vanish, nameless village, tossed
Into the oblivion of our wake.

Swiftly, the high road that we crossed
And blotted out, the lake, the thickets,
And the wide meadow, for our sake
—We being arbiters of time
Whose end is punched on one-way tickets—
These idle images must recede
From our sphere of plush and grime.

For we, the here and now, command
Collapse to follow our fierce speed,
And only the final town to stand.

VIRGINIA HAMILTON.

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Washington Notes

Funeral Services for the New Deal—The President on the Horns of a Dilemma—The Republicans Cheer Up

SECRETARY Ickes' embittered protests against the dismantling of the P.W.A. represent, in a sense, the final death rattle of the New Deal. Because millions of people once believed in it, its end ought not go unrecorded. Back in March, 1933, the New Deal was a clear, definite concept. In speeches and statements of Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers, it was delineated as the employment of the natural resources and technical skill of the country for raising the general standard of living. "The more abundant life" has now become a cue-line for jeers, but in the days immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration it was the slogan of a marching army.

How the natural resources and technical skill of the country were to be employed for the general benefit when, for the most part, they were owned or controlled by private individuals, was not explained by the New Dealers. Two and a half years ago, however, the question did not seem particularly urgent. Private owners were not using their property; they were eager to lease it, so to speak, to the government by accepting government orders. As long as they were not deprived of their title of ownership, they were ready to do whatever Mr. Roosevelt proposed.

The original $3,300,000,000 P.W.A. program had the superficial appearance of fulfilling the New Deal promises. Under it, a considerable part of the country's resources and skill was earmarked for the betterment of the mass standard of living. There were to be low-cost housing, new dams and generating plants for electric power, new schoolhouses, hospitals, automobile roads and bridges, irrigation systems and many other things. The New Dealers told the country: "Just wait, and we are going to rebuild the United States on a scale of comfort and luxury such as the world has never seen." Millions of people listened to them.

What the country never appreciated, I think, was that the whole intellectual content of the New Deal lay in the P.W.A. program. Chiefly this was because of Ickes' refusal to make the extravagant promises that poured from General Johnson and the heads of some of the other emergency organizations. But the fact was that the N.R.A., the A.A.A., the S.E.C. and the rest were purely attempts at the regulation of private business and represented no more than the continuation of Woodrow Wilson's New Democracy. They did not have behind them half the freshness and intellectual vigor that, for example, lay behind Wilson's fight for the Federal Reserve system and the Federal Trade Commission.

The New Deal, quite obviously, could never have come to complete fulfilment without a fundamental shift from private to public ownership. But something might have been done by heavy government spending and taxation. The mortal illness of the New Deal has been neatly symbolized by the rise of Secretary Morgenthau, believer in economy and a balanced budget, in the councils of Mr. Roosevelt, and the coincident fall of Mr. Ickes. A few days ago, while Mr. Ickes was uttering outraged protests against the slaughter of his program, Mr. Morgenthau announced that the government's deficit for the first two months of the present fiscal year was 33 1/3 percent below estimates. "This is one of the most encouraging things that has happened," said Mr. Morgenthau, honestly oblivious, I believe, that he was exulting above a murdered corpse.

I cannot see that there remains anything new in the New Deal. Mr. Morgenthau is a good, honest man, with the intellectual adventurousness of an income-tax blank. It is reported that his chief ambition is a reduction of two billion, or about 25 percent, in the government expenditures for 1936-7. In pursuit of this aim, he has persuaded Mr. Roosevelt to place all the New Deal agencies, except the W. P. A., under his lieutenant, Budget Director Daniel W. Bell. In my estimation, this means that every administration activity that cannot be defended as essential will be tossed into the rubbish heap.

Mr. Roosevelt's Western trip, which begins in a few days, will be a critical stage in his career. On the whole, he has had a favorable newspaper response to his letter to Roy W. Howard announcing that the New Deal's "basic program has now reached substantial completion." Reactionary newspapers questioned his sincerity, but welcomed the "breathing spell" enthusiastically. For him to announce new measures would be to throw away such business support as the Howard letter has attracted, and to justify the accusations of disingenuousness. But for him to show himself contented with the present state of the country is certain permanently to alienate much of his left-wing support. He has voluntarily placed himself in a political dilemma, and his speeches on his Western trip will show how he proposes to escape from it.

However, I do not believe that the assassination of Huey Long will influence his future course. In my opinion, the corps of Washington correspondents, proclaiming that he will now feel free to move to the right, are entirely mistaken. There is a widespread notion that Mr. Roosevelt's tax program, this spring, was forced upon him by the threat of Long's "Share Our Wealth" movement. As nearly as I have been able to find out, this is untrue. Mr. Roosevelt's determination to impose heavy taxes upon great fortunes goes back at least to the time, before his inauguration, when the New Deal was being charted. If he wins in 1936, one of the measures he is certain to press upon Congress is that for inheritance taxes on large estates.

The political penalty Mr. Roosevelt must pay for his tax program was made clear last week with the filing of the Republican National Committee's financial statement. It showed a $5,000 contribution by John D. Rockefeller, made at about the time the administration's tax bill was enacted, together with a $2,500 gift from J. Howard Pew, president of the Sun Oil Company and an outspoken opponent of higher taxes, and $10,000 from members of the Pew family. The Republican statement showed a surplus in hand of $24,986.64, after expenditures since June 1 of $31,757.64. The Democratic National Committee's statement, on the other hand, showed a deficit of $417,868.18, part of which goes back to the Al Smith campaign of 1928. Neither Republicans nor Democrats have yet

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made a drive for funds, and it is probably unfair to draw too sweeping conclusions from the present statements. But it seems evident that Democratic fund-collectors are facing a hard time with the big-money boys.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The House of Morgan Circumvents the Law—Setting a Dangerous Precedent—A Few Thoughts on Not Paying Bills

ONE OF the scandals of American finance has been the combination of commercial banking with investment banking. In 1933 bankers, then sitting on the mourners' bench, recognized that. Economists have always recognized it. Congress saw it and, in the Banking Act of 1933, included a provision prohibiting commercial banks or private bankers from engaging in the security-investment business.

This was a wise, an essential rule. It could work no real hardship on anyone. The large private bankers and commercial banks could make their choice in a given time as to what line of business they would pursue. So far as the public was concerned, it could always depend on a sufficient number of men entering either one of these fields of business to provide it with all the funds it needed as well as with all the banking it needed.

One house thus affected was J. P. Morgan and Company. For reasons of its own, it has always insisted on being both a commercial bank and an investment house. This, certainly, is not essential to its existence. Kuhn, Loeb and Company did very little commercial banking. Dillon, Read and Company were not commercial bankers. Very few of the large investment houses were commercial bankers. But the Morgans insisted on carrying on this dual role.

When the law was finally passed with the widest approval of the financial world, one might have supposed that a firm making such elaborate and impressive pretensions to high respectability would be counted on not merely to observe this law but to set an example in its observance. One might also have expected that the government would take all necessary measures to see that the law was observed.

But now the Morgan firm has found a way to do something that looks like circumventing the law. Several of its junior partners and some subordinates have withdrawn from the firm. They have organized a new firm—Morgan Stanley and Company—which will be an investment-banking company. The juniors will own the common stock. Some of the Morgan partners will own the preferred stock.

But does anyone suppose that the slightest change has taken place in the House of Morgan as a result of the Banking Act? What good is a law that can be circumvented so easily? What good are the intentions of legislators who can be satisfied with this kind of legislation? Anybody with the most rudimentary knowledge of the situation could have told when this act was passed just what procedure could be employed to get around it. And, of course, that very procedure has been used.

The great point is that in our present system, where men can form corporations *ad libitum*—the same group of men operating under a dozen corporate aliases, if necessary—it is not possible to make any business laws capable of enforcement.

But the Morgan firm has rendered a very great disservice to the cause of banking and finance in America by this move. It might well have contented itself with the role of commercial banker or investment house. Now that it has taken the obvious step to render the law utterly useless, the same technique is open to all the fly-by-night adventurers in Wall Street. It was open to them anyhow, of course, but now nothing will be done about it because the sanction of the powerful House of Morgan has been given to the scheme.

It is a simple, obvious kind of stratagem. And clearly the House of Morgan shrank from using it. Perhaps it feared adverse criticism. Carter Glass tried to help banks like Morgan's by slipping over in the new banking bill a little clause that would have permitted bank officials or private bankers to be officers of at least one other bank and allowed banks to engage in underwriting bonds and debentures. But that was detected and defeated by Congress. There was nothing to do then but to use the device now employed.

But the House of Morgan was greatly mistaken in supposing it was taking any chance on adverse criticism. Instead, newspapers broke out into expressions of congratulation and compliment on its return to the security business. Will the President protest the transaction? I doubt it. Never once has he brought the great weight of his prestige against actions like this.

After examining minutely the daily Treasury statement of expenditures and national indebtedness in the morning paper, and pondering mournfully over the rising debt saddled on the country by the New Deal, it was something of a shock to turn over a few pages and find that the Democratic Party has been pursuing the same policy and living on unpaid bills. It owed on August 31, $417,868.18. Now the party is about to embark upon a new campaign. This means that the day of reckoning for those old bills has arrived. It must be provocative of melancholy thoughts in the White House. Pay days have a way of turning up. The party can't borrow any more. How long will it be before the New Deal is unable to borrow any more?

Party leaders observe sadly that now the party must "pay as it goes." But a party can't do this if it isn't going very well. Above all, it will find this difficult if it starts out with a huge debt.

The President has now extended to business a "breathing spell." Is Mr. Farley going to try to get a little financial assistance for the party from business while it is being permitted to breathe? Or will he limit himself to shaking down the national job-holders?

The published accounts look as if the party hadn't paid anybody. It owes one broadcasting company about $100,000; owes for rent of headquarters; owes over $36,000 for telephone calls. Yet it has done very well by not paying its bills. Is it not natural that it should try the same experiment for the country? JOHN T. FLYNN.

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On the Labor Front

Cooking the Figures on Unemployment and Wages—Those A.F. of L. Blues—It Takes Money to Break Strikes

IT SEEMS a great pity that the duties of being Secretary of Labor have apparently forced Miss Frances Perkins to forego one of her favorite hobbies. I refer, of course, to the one that brought her considerable renown during the Hoover administration. In that period, when Miss Perkins was Labor Commissioner of New York State, she took special delight in exposing and demolishing optimistic statements that had no foundation in solid fact. Whenever President Hoover or any of the Happiness Boys in his Cabinet expressed the belief (or hope) that employment was increasing or wages rising, you could always rely on Miss Perkins to check them up. Usually she would prove them wrong by the exasperating method of citing the government's own statistics to show that precisely the opposite was happening. It seems unfortunate that Miss Perkins no longer finds time for this sort of thing, for it was good fun and the job still needs to be done.

Only a few days ago, for example, President Roosevelt, in his highly publicized letter promising business a breathing spell, observed that unemployment was "steadily diminishing." This would be pleasant to believe, but, as I pointed out in this column two weeks ago, all the evidence is to the contrary. All the recognized statistical agencies, including the very conservative National Industrial Conference Board, agree that unemployment has been increasing in recent months, that it is now at virtually the highest point of the last two years—higher even than in October, 1933. Last week, incidentally, The New York World-Telegram carried a special story from its Washington office on unemployment. The following sentence is noteworthy: "The most scientific chart of unemployment yet devised by the government (it's kept secret for the time being) indicates that 800,000 more persons were unemployed in June, 1935, than in June, 1934."

The recent report of the Department of Commerce on national income affords another illustration of how official pronouncements may be far rosier than the supporting data justify. The most striking point in the report is that labor's share in the national income was larger in 1934 than in the boom year 1929, having risen from 65 percent in 1929 to 67.5 percent in 1934. On the surface this looks quite encouraging, for while the increase is not large it nevertheless tends to refute the belief that wealth is becoming more concentrated. But on looking closer one discovers that the Department of Commerce includes "salaries," both large and small, as part of labor's income. There is some evidence in the study itself to suggest the tremendous difference that this little statistical trick makes in the final result. There is a separate estimate of total wages paid in a selected group of industries, including mining, manufacturing, construction and transportation. This estimate shows that bona-fide labor income—wages, that is—actually dropped in relation to the national income. Wage earners in these basic fields, which employ about two-fifths of all workers, received 22 percent of the total national income in 1929 and only 18 percent in 1934. Thus their share was nearly one-fifth less.

This drop, according to the Department of Commerce, was more than compensated for by an increase in labor's share in other fields—where, unfortunately, no separate estimate is given for wages as distinct from salaries. There is good reason to be skeptical of this assumption. For the estimates in the former group of basic industries are based largely on census data and, hence, come about as close to the actual figures as it is possible to get. Much more guesswork is involved in estimating labor income in the second group, which includes a high proportion of workers in service industries, white-collar jobs, farming, trade and other scattered occupations where official wage statistics are not nearly so comprehensive or reliable. However, even if one assumes that the Department of Commerce was not unduly optimistic in estimating economic betterment of this group, the fact remains that the wage earners in the former group, in the basic-production industries, are slipping down the economic scale. Their total income in 1934 was only 52 percent of what it was in 1929, and it represented a smaller share—by nearly one-fifth—of the national income.

With the Fifty-fifth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor only a few weeks away, there has been much searching of the skies for signs that the official leadership is getting ready to adopt a more militant, progressive course. The search, thus far, has been rather discouraging. Recently at Detroit, President William Green made a gesture in the direction of industrial unions by giving a charter to the new International Union of Automobile Workers, but the gesture was so feeble as to be virtually meaningless. He warned the union against recruiting auto workers over whom existing craft unions claimed jurisdiction and, in addition, compelled it to accept the appointment by him of Francis J. Dillon as its president—even though the auto workers had previously refused by ballot to accept Mr. Dillon. There can be little doubt that Mr. Green's action has had a demoralizing effect on the auto workers. This is reflected in part by the fact that a dual union sponsored by Father Coughlin—the Automobile Industrial Workers' Association—now claims some thirty thousand members. Also significant is the fact that several elections in automobile plants that were to have been made test cases before the new National Labor Relations Board have apparently been abandoned, possibly for fear that they might reveal great weakness on the part of the A.F. of L.

Likewise, there is little of a progressive nature in President Green's order to the recent convention of the American Federation of Teachers that it revoke the charter of Local Five in New York City on charges that the local was under the control of Communists. The federation refused to follow Mr. Green's orders ,but the incident is further evidence of an increasingly ugly Red-baiting campaign in the A.F. of L. Last week, the New Jersey State Federation resolved to expel all known or avowed Communists. Quite clearly, the main hope for change in these policies lies in the opposition that the general membership can organize at the convention.

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How much does it cost to break a strike? The Los Angeles Railway Corporation has just released some interesting figures on this question in its annual report to the California State Railroad Commission. In order to break the strike of its employees last November, the company spent the liberal sum of about $350,000. The chief item of expense was $159,960 paid to the Nick Harris Worldwide Detective Agency. The company also paid for tear-gas bombs which were delivered to the police for use in attacks against the strikers and the public in the downtown area of the city. Of special interest is an item of $7,393 paid to "Red" Hynes, head of the "Red" squad of the Los Angeles Police. Mr. Hynes, well known for his attacks on workers, received this remuneration for twenty-one days' work at the rate of $50 a day and expenses. This choice news was apparently carried only by The Daily Worker and the Federated Press, a news agency serving labor papers. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

A COMMUNICATION

The Penological Congress in Germany

SIR: It is interesting to note some of the results of the International Penological Congress, which recently concluded its sessions in Berlin.

Of the twenty-two delegates appointed to the Congress by the United States government, only twelve actually went to Germany. Several of the appointed delegates clearly must have felt that their presence at the Congress in Nazi Germany involved at least a moral indifference to the denial of justice there; and involved further the assumption that it was possible to discuss frankly any question involving the humanizing of the processes of criminal justice in a country where prisoners are subjected to worse than medieval barbarism and murder. Of the six women delegates only three had the courage to attend these deliberations in a land where women are banned, by governmental policy, from participation in public life. Two groups of American lawyers and professors wrote to the American delegation and emphasized the responsibility that rests upon American delegates who now go to Germany. They asked the delegates to protest against the Nazi terror, to insist on humanizing of prisons and to do all that was possible in favor of the innocent political prisoners who are undergoing sadistic treatment in prisons and concentration camps.

An appeal from the German underground movement was sent to the workers of Berlin just before the Congress opened. The Tribunal, organ of the German Red Aid, which secretly circulates throughout the Reich, said in its August issue:

> Workers of Berlin! Use the occasion of the presence in Berlin of criminologists from all countries to open their eyes. Write the delegates anonymously and describe the trials, the treatment in concentration camps, the conditions in prison. Call on the foreign delegates at their hotels. Do all you can to see that the delegates get nothing but the truth.

It is to be hoped that the Nazi secret police were unable to prevent all communication between anti-fascists and the delegates.

When the Congress opened it was surprising to find no delegates of the well known Howard League for Penal Reform, of England, which had actively participated in previous congresses. The League's officers announced that they did not consider free discussion of vital issues possible in Germany. Neither was the League of Nations, a participant in previous Congresses, represented in Berlin. Germany had failed to invite the League—in violation of the agreement made in 1929.

It was to be expected that the Nazis would use this excellent occasion to propagate their ideas. According to dispatches in The New York Times, the Congress was transformed into a sounding board for Nazi propaganda. The Reich Minister of Justice, Dr. Guertler, referred to German judges as the Führer's subordinate officers. He demanded "severity" in order to "produce checks" in the prisoner. Reich Minister Frank tried in vain to awaken sympathy for the new German penal code. Goebbels even sought to persuade the Congress that Nazi Germany is a real democracy!

The German delegates urged severity in the treatment of prisoners, in contrast to the jurists of other countries, who recommended humanity and education. Even the concentration camps were defended by Goebbels. He said that these camps, in which political prisoners are flogged and abused, are necessary and useful. The French attorney, Ferucci, passionately declared: "The idea of revenge must disappear from every utterance of justice, otherwise we return to barbarism."

American, British and Scandinavian delegates were unanimous in declaring that the gulf between the concepts of penology prevailing in their countries, and those in the Third Reich, had now become so vast that there could be no basis for even a discussion of the principles propounded by the Reich Minister of Justice.

The Nazis well knew the intellectual poverty of their contentions and proposals, and they took pains to control the Congress physically by packing it with a two-thirds majority of their own delegates. Against this majority the representatives of the other nations were helpless, since votes were taken and resolutions adopted not by nations but by delegates. Thus, because of the preponderance of the German delegates, the resolution approving sterilization was adopted. This resolution caused jubilation among the German delegation, and was hailed by the Nazi press as vindication of the Nazi eugenic program.

A report was read on methods of execution of penalties, recommending penitentiary education as a "useful institution." Its adoption, however, was left in abeyance because of the insufficient and unfair method of voting. On the roll call by countries the recommendations were carried by a vote of 10 to 9.

After these experiences, there is little reason to believe that the delegates had any real opportunity to inspect the Nazi prisons and concentration camps with any degree of freedom or that they had privacy for uncensored conversation with the prisoners.

The Congress clearly demonstrates that it is impossible to enter into international arrangements in Germany today without their abuse by the Nazis for their party purposes. The more reason, then, to cancel the Berlin Olympiad.

New York City. DR. KURT ROSENFELD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Marshall and the Supreme Court

SIR: Advocating the adoption of the Constitution before the Virginia Convention, John Marshall said: "Congress is empowered to make exceptions to the appellate jurisdiction, as to law and fact, of the Supreme Court. These exceptions certainly go as far as the legislature may think proper, for the interest and liberty of the people." This of course refers to the constitutional clause. "In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Could any amendment improve on this language for clearness and definiteness?

The courts are mainly composed of corporation lawyers who have spent most of their lives hatching up devices by which their clients can disregard or evade the law, or dodge their taxes. The Constitution is one thing, and the Constitution interpreted according to their bias by corporation lawyers is quite another thing.

Ashland, Mass. W. C. ROSE.

To Use the Kellogg Pact

SIR: The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom launched a worldwide campaign for peace on September 6, the birthday of Jane Addams, one of the founders, and until her death the honorary president of the League. On that day meetings were held in many cities for the purpose of initiating the circulation of A People's Mandate to Governments to End War, a project to which Miss Addams gave her approval:

> The Mandate calls on governments having renounced war in the Kellogg-Briand Pact to stop preparations for war, use existing agencies to settle present conflicts, and obtain international action for disarmament and economic coöperation. The goal is 50,000,000 signatures. The recent British Peace Poll had 12,000,000 signatures. In the spring of 1936 it is planned to have an International Commission of distinguished men and women present the Mandate to the heads of governments and to legislative bodies in Europe, America and Asia with impressive ceremonies and wide publicity.

The Kellogg-Briand Pact to renounce war as an instrument of national policy was signed on August 27, 1928, by representatives of sixty-three nations, meeting at Paris by invitation of the United States. It is the one notable contribution made by this country to the cause of international security. Its general acceptance must be attributed to public opinion against war, in the face of which governments were constrained to accept it, however reluctantly. Yet granting that the sixty-odd statesmen signed with tongue in cheek, the fact remains that the treaty *was signed*, that it exists as a pledge among governments, and between each government and its people. It gives to every signatory the right to protest when an act of war is committed or threatened by another signatory. It is especially the office of the United States as the initiator of the agreement to utter such protest. Mr. Walter Lippmann argues that because "the pact provides no machinery for judicial determination as to whether it has been violated or not" the United States has no ground for protest to Italy in regard to its campaign against Ethiopia. Such reasoning assumes that statesmen exist in a vacuum, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, knowing nothing. Everyone is aware that Japan violated the pact when it used war as a means of national policy against China in Manchuria and Shanghai. Everyone realizes from Mussolini's utterances and actions that he is preparing to violate the Pact in levying war against Ethiopia. By virtue of the existence of the Pact the United States has a better right to address him on the subject of peace than it had before 1928. It has, indeed, the right to call upon all other signatory nations to join in such a political offensive against the common enemy and oath-breaker. Such a bold stroke of American diplomacy would certainly receive large support and strengthen the cause of collective security.

There is another aspect of the Kellogg Pact. It is a treaty between governments and peoples, a promise that the latter shall be spared the horror and agony of a war that is wholly to their disadvantage. Mr. Lippmann is right in saying that the Kellogg Pact "must not be confused with genuine treaties." Genuine treaties are usually made for the purpose of obtaining advantages for one nation or group of nations, or for certain interests within a nation. Naturally, genuine treaties are provided with penalties and sanctions. The Kellogg Pact is a compact made in behalf of the people in every country with their rulers, and in the cause of general welfare. There are times when every government may become the enemy of its people, and that is when the continuance in power of its officers is threatened. It is a commonplace of history that at such times rulers will invoke foreign war as an instrument of domestic politics. The Kellogg Pact gives the people of every country a basis for protest against thus being exploited to their own loss and the ruin of the world.

A treaty is no stronger than the will to keep it of the people concerned. For this reason the various resolutions taken by themselves never to engage in war are of value in lending moral support to the Kellogg Pact. It is a cause of shame to us that the United States, the least threatened of nations, gives only feeble signs of trusting the instrument which itself put forward. This government increases budgets for army and navy, persecutes citizens in peacetime for "conscientious objection" and puts warfare into the hearts of boys and girls through the R.O.T.C. Nevertheless it is obvious that the Kellogg Pact is part of our national and international system, of our supreme law. The condition of its growth in strength is that it be used. Therefore, at whatever risk of being called naïve idealists, we should invoke it on all occasions in questions between persons and government, and insist on its application in differences among governments. The very excuse for its existence is that any and every war is a matter of concern to all nations, a universal tragedy. No country has the right to betray humanity; every one has the duty to take all possible steps to prevent such betrayal.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

What the Middle Class Reads

SIR: Mr. Robert Cantwell, in "What the Working Class Reads" [The New Republic, July 17], appears wholly to have overlooked certain obvious statistical inferences from Mr. Compton's figures on public-library patronage. First, the proportion of business and professional people in the population of any urban community is obviously less than the proportion of working-class people. So, even if proportionally represented among the borrowers of books from the public library, persons of the higher-income classes would be in the minority. Second, it is extremely improbable that such persons would be represented in proportion to their numbers among the total population, since experience indicates that many of them prefer to own the books they read.

It would seem that the statistics of private purchases of books ought to be examined before generalizations are made with respect to what "the bosses" do not read.

JOHN R. P. FRENCH,
Kendal Green, Mass. Headmaster, The Cambridge School.

SIR: I believe that I took into account the fact that the working class constitutes a majority of the population. My specific purpose, however, was to answer Mr. Adamic, who had denied the existence of any well informed body of readers within the American working class, so that Mr. French's argument is largely irrelevant.

But it must be said that the figures on the production of new books scarcely make an imposing demonstration of middle-class cultural development—assuming that members of the middle class

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purchase all the novels, poems, books of essays, biographies and works of economics printed in the United States. To take the reading of fiction as an example: library circulation of works of fiction amounts to about 60 percent of the total circulation, or around two hundred and fifty million volumes a year. How many novels are sold each year? Nobody knows, exactly—but about ten million are printed.

And how do these ten million compare in quality with the novels on the library shelves? There is a tremendous amount of junk in the public libraries, but if there were ten times as much of it, the intellectual level of the books in the libraries would still be higher than that of the current publications. Book reviews deal, usually in a kindly spirit, with only the thin cream of contemporary books, giving an illusion that the intellectual average is relatively high. But a great part of contemporary publishing consists of the manufacture of unreviewed, unnoticed, unadvertised volumes—mystery stories whose greatest mystery, as Ring Lardner observed, is how they ever came to be written; fly-by-night romances and Westerns; starry-eyed juveniles calculated to give any normal child a spasm. These constitute the great drooling idiot child of popular literature, whose very presence on the scene constitutes a constant challenge to the cultural pretensions of the highbrows. No, the intellectual development of the country is indeed threatened if we must depend upon book buyers alone to keep the streams of culture alive and refreshed.

The library system is far from perfect—40 percent of the literate population has no library service at all and the service available for another 40 percent is terribly inadequate. In many instances librarians, facing the alternatives of demanding greater appropriations or discouraging readers, are consciously discouraging readers —by raising all sorts of difficulties about the circulation of books, keeping the more relevant books off the shelves, limiting the use of the reading rooms, closing branches, etc.

In the face of all these difficulties, the fact that members of the working class continue to use the libraries, continue to search for the best literature available for them, is evidence of an intellectual tenacity that any serious writer must find inspiring.

New York City. ROBERT CANTWELL.

The Coming American Genius

SIR: If the genius described in Malcolm Cowley's "Directions for Making a Genius" [The New Republic, July 24] is to appeal to the working class, he must necessarily be anti-capitalistic and anti-fascist. . . .

It seems extremely dubious that a communist society will be attained in America before the advent of fascism. Hence, it is almost illogical to suppose the existence of a working-class literary genius in such a narrow, cultureless corporative state, where the interests of the state and the writer would severely conflict. Hence too the necessarily accurate admission that "he may be jailed or forced to live abroad." In this case (fascism, of course), the working class of the United States would be so steeped in the dregs of illiteracy and ignorance that his writing would never possibly appeal to it and in fact, would hardly reach it at all! . . . The great stratum of the upper and petit bourgeoisie would, as it does today, constitute his greatest intellectual audience.

Brooklyn, N. Y. EDWIN HONIG.

SIR: In reference to your article—"Directions for Making a Genius." Do you think it possible that instead of "Everett Schmidt" it could be an "Emily Jacobs"?

Bruno, Minn. MARY DOE.

SIR: It is simply impossible to put into words all that the reading of "Directions for Making a Genius" has meant to me, and must have meant to every other young radical who wants to write. These are really "Directions to Young Writers for Making Themselves Count in the Approaching Fight." It's the most heartening thing I've experienced to know that someone up ahead there is looking back at us youngsters and expecting us to do the things Mr. Cowley describes. We only wish that more of his generation had his faith in ours.

Orlando, Fla. RICHARD GREENLEAF.

Extracts from Letters

A FERRERO-SALLITTO Defense Committee has been organized in New York City to aid the American Civil Liberties Union in the fight to prevent the deportation of Vincent Ferrero and Domenick Sallitto from San Francisco. The two men, one of whom has been in America for thirty years and the other for fifteen, are accused of holding anarchistic views because they sublet a small back room of their restaurant in Oakland, California, to the editor of the anarchist magazine, Man. The committee points out that since both these men are outspoken anti-Fascists, if they are returned to Italy they will be subject to prosecution under one of Mussolini's special statutes which provides that Italians "who outside the territory of the State . . . carry on activities detrimental to the national interests, shall be punished with a prison term of from five to fifteen years." The committee asks that contributions be sent to the Ferrero-Sallitto Defense Conference, 133 Second Avenue, Room 24, New York City.

Rose Baron, secretary of the prisoners' relief department of the International Labor Defense asks that sympathizers write to Captain John L. Shand, deputy chief, Los Angeles Jail Division, Los Angeles, California, protesting against his treatment of the four political prisoners confined in Lincoln Heights jail. Because the four have demanded better food, Miss Baron says that Shand is attempting to shut them off from the outside world. He has refused to permit them to receive the weekly news letter furnished by the International Labor Defense, or The Labor Defender, its official organ, and he has returned International Labor Defense money orders.

Praise for an editorial paragraph in the issue of August 14, in which President Ruthven of the University of Michigan was condemned for the dismissal of four members of the National Student League, comes from Leo Luskin, secretary of the Michigan chapter of the organization. In the editorial paragraph, reference was made to the student newspaper, The Michigan Daily. Mr. Luskin emphasizes that The Michigan Daily has shown great hostility toward the National Student League, and has vigorously upheld President Ruthven. The incident was reported, Mr. Luskin writes, under the inexcusable headline, "Good Riddance of Bad Rubbish," and the four students who were requested to leave were called "publicity-hounds, agitators and black marks on the name of the University."

The New Theatre League, 114 West Fourteenth Street, New York City, reports the addition of six one-act plays to its catalogue. The League attempt to supply amateur and semi-professional groups with plays of a definite social content and at the same time to encourage talented young dramatists to write plays with such a point of view. The recent additions are Philip Barber's "The Great Philanthropist," which won first prize in the New Theatre-New Masses contest; Frank and Almuch McColl's "Exhibit A"; Ben Blake's "We Shall Conquer"; L. Levin's "Sharecroppers Unite"; Walt Anderson's "Hunger Strike" and V. J. Jerome's "Newsboy."

Dean W. L. Hotchkiss, of the School of Business Administration, Fenn College of the Cleveland Young Men's Christian Association, sends us a copy of a letter that he and Professor Donald R. Tuttle, also of Fenn College, have dispatched to President Roosevelt arguing against the right of the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. It is their contention that in Article III, Sections 1 and 2, the Constitution assigns to Congress the duty of defining the jurisdiction to be exercised by the Supreme Court. They propose that Mr. Roosevelt recommend the enactment of a law, of which the substantive clause would read:

"Section 1. . . . Where a statute or treaty has been duly enacted by Congress and approved by the President, such statute or treaty shall not be subject to judicial review.

"Section 2. The President, upon confirmation by the Senate, may appoint from one to ten additional Justices to the Supreme Court of the United States."

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Convertible Top

MOTORING in Pennsylvania one night toward nine o'clock we met with a rainstorm coming up, stopped the automobile, and I had my finger cut while we were putting up the convertible top. My companion did not know that I was arranging the canvas and I did not know that he was going to smash it down. It was nobody's fault. I remember thinking, as I made a sort of handkerchief tourniquet, of the *gens assiduus,* in classic poetry those busy people of the ants, on whose house, not through any sins of their own or their fathers, but by sheer happening, the apple falls.

The cut went through the bone and on to a mere piece of skin. I was lucky in being near a large town, on the edge of which we found, after some half an hour or so, the hospital. The three staff surgeons were absent at this time of night and an interne appeared to clean up the wound. But I was further lucky in having one of these surgeons on his way home stop, unexpectedly, by the hospital. He very kindly took charge of the occasion. Amputation, he announced, was not necessary. But the emergency operating room was set going, the interne and two nurses were present, and fifty minutes passed before the sutures were complete and the splint adjusted. I had been told that I could go on to my destination before another dressing was required; I therefore asked that the office be notified, so that I could pay my bill on the way out.

The surgeon came around the table and put his hand on my shoulder.

"There's no charge," he said. "I am glad I could help."

The excuse for all this account, much too personal to be relished on my part, is only to make a point and to talk about Mr. Clifford Odets.

As a writer I have been accused, by some of my reviewers at least, of romanticism, even of sentimentality. I will not undertake the argument in that regard; but this occasion at the Pennsylvania hospital has afforded me no little reflection on one's position esthetically and, more especially, on what is evidently a weakness in myself. The hospital event would, naturally, make no little impression on anybody, especially on his nerves; but when we come right down to tacks, I have one particular detail to record. The two things I have dwelt upon in such afterthoughts as follow these affairs, are my companion's solicitude and the doctor's skill and generosity. I can truly say—or else in the most subcutaneous manner I deceived myself at the hospital that night—that these seem to me all that is worth thinking about in the occasion. We had, of course, the usual pain, blood, hypodermic needles, et cetera. But what is there to think about in them? They are in the course of nature, shared by all the animals, and are as final as rain or sun. The concern, the graciousness, the skill, however, appear to me, in my own limited state of mind, to be quite something else; and as the years go on, the recollection of them will gather meaning and secret vitality. They are, moreover, essentially fun to think about.

In the four weeks since then I have thought over this occasion of the surgeon and his skill and graciousness, dealing with me, a stranger whose surname and New York locale, not address, was all he knew. What I have thought is: suppose I were to write a story of it now, what should I do and how go about it? What black motives, exhibitionism, obscene obliquity, should I attribute to this surgeon—whose manner was so entirely professional and simple? Or should I attribute my gratitude to the economic urge, merely to saving my money, instead of to a warming reminder on my part of the rich and generous possibilities of human life? Or what, in sum, should I do to distort or modernize my very simple emotions of gratitude and admiration, in order to satisfy certain people reading me and certain reviewers judging me with their handy formulas of realistic truth? I could do nothing, I fear. I must remain a negligible romantic, and under the nose of my stupidity in discovering none of his baser reflexes, I continue to be admiring and grateful to the surgeon (whose face I should not recognize if I met him).

This, by a strange course, brings us to Mr. Clifford Odets, two of whose plays have returned to town by way of expanding a season that loiters. Of all playwrights Mr. Odets is the last whose fingers I would have cut off. My purpose here is, first, to comment on the genuine emotional variety of his play, "Waiting for Lefty." It has a veneer of what in critical discussions is apt to be called realism. By this is usually meant a rough surface, risky vocabulary and a bold front of revolt. Not all the Dutch painters together, reproducing, with infinite technique, the last vein in beef ribs and luster in textiles, could to such people present so definite a realism as one flash, easy as twiddling your fingers, of "bastard" or "whore." Mr. Odets' play is realistic, more or less, but not in this silly sense. On the contrary, it contains within itself a variety of pieces. They are, for instance, labor scenes, pocket versions of the violent, a small half-melodrama, a romantic tragedy of love, all of them held together within the fine general matrix of the play.

There are, however, in "Waiting for Lefty" and even more fully in "Awake and Sing!" passages in character where the quality differs from the characters presented. To take one instance, a case is mentioned where a wrong was done to an old man who had read Spinoza all his life. Very well, let Mr. Odets create that character instead of merely mentioning it by way of contrast, et cetera, to certain characters that are created for us to see. Nothing that has been done on our stage toward worthwhile characterization would equal such an achievement. Of course, even if it were done, certain of the reviewers and of the audience would take it as sheer sweetish mush and sentiment, where the Goddamners and say-kids would seem all too convincingly to be characters drawn out of life.

More and more, and weaving in and out all through these plays of his, Mr. Odets can find elements that our drama has not yet known how to create. It is partly a matter of the dramatist's depth of thought and partly of his reliance on life; it is, also, partly a matter of technical development. Mr. Odets, at least, will know that I do not mean by these desirable elements, or qualities, anything sentimental or high and goody. I mean qualities that will stretch to include more thinking and more reproduction of life within life. There is nothing high-flying about this thought. It is, in fact, almost biologically practical—how else shall we have a drama worth thinking about?

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Last Days of Pompeii

I HAVE read a great many reviews of Robert Briffault's "Europa,"[1] but none of them has done justice to its peculiar qualities. The book is much easier to read than it is to define. Obviously it is a political novel, a propaganda novel, a high-society novel, an education-of-an-Englishman novel. It is also a love-and-adventure melodrama and the historical panorama of an age through which most of us have lived. But it is none of these things primarily or exclusively. The best single term I can find for it is "novel of wisdom"—by which I mean that it is a book into which a man has poured fifty years of observation, disillusionment and new faith. Because he is not a professional novelist, it is full of infelicities or downright errors in structure, taste and style. Because he is an interesting person in his own right, because he has seen and felt and thought more than ordinary people, his book is full of wistfulness and hearty malice, of humor and good sense.

Let us enumerate some of the things that Briffault has packed into this vast Saratoga trunk.

First of all, there is a plot—there are two plots, rather—and a very engaging hero. Several reviewers have guessed that this hero must be Robert Briffault himself. It seems to me that this assumption is the result of critical astigmatism. Julian Bern is presented without tenderness or apology; there is nothing about him of the autobiographical hero. He ought to be recognized as a stock figure in literature: the agreeable, much sought-after young man, the latest incarnation of Byron's Don Juan. Like the hero of Byron's topical poem, Julian represents the best that his age can offer in breeding, intelligence and sensibility, but he has not much individual color and no decisiveness. Things happen to him, famous people meet him, women make love to him—always he remains the passive spectator who wanders through European society without trying to change it. The advantage of such a hero is that his adventures are a many-branched hatrack on which anything can be hung, including the author's memories and some of his own character, but not too much of it.

Julian's education is the principal plot of the novel. He tries to find some purpose outside himself: he explores the possibilities of religion, philosophy, science and dissipation; he dabbles a little in Socialism; finally he abandons everything except his passion for the Russian princess, Zena Hruzof, with whom he flees to the German castle of Reizenfels, to live in solitude. But there is also another plot that deals with the preparations for the World War as seen from backstage. One faction among the Russian nobles is conspiring with the Serbian Black Hand Society to assassinate the Hapsburgs and seize most of their empire for a Pan-Slavic Federation. Zena's aunt, Princess Nevidof, is part of the conspiracy. When it succeeds, to the point of murdering the Austrian crown prince, the two lovers are torn from their seclusion. Julian at first believes that the Socialists will prevent the war; he wants to stay in Germany to help them; at last he has found a cause to fight for. But the Socialists unanimously support their Kaiser, and Julian surrenders hope. With Zena, in a train with drawn blinds, he is shipped toward an unknown destination. It is the end of the book and of a world. Zena's last request, when the guards ask whether he can bring them anything more, is "Oh, yes . . . a bunch of roses."

But the two plots, the heroine and the hero are only part of the wardrobe that Briffault packs into his trunk. There is also a host of incidental characters, including all the famous figures of the world that was dying—Nietzsche, D. H. Lawrence, Rasputin, Melba, a dozen grand dukes, the Kaiser, old Francis Joseph, the kings of England, Italy, Serbia and Sweden. There are gossip and scandal; there are observations on philosophy, biology and the social sciences, some of which are extraordinarily keen. Then, too, there are dissertations on the sexual and social *mores* of the European aborigines: "A contest in callipygy was held. The winning exhibit, displayed by Princess Zilenska, was decorated with cock feathers. Julian and Everard returned to the public dancing hall while the riot was at its height. Stephanie Nerstersky was being inserted, head down, into a barrel." Passages like this sound exactly like Melville and Frances Herskovits describing the strange customs of the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana. Still other passages are full of slapstick and horseplay and puns as broad as the nose on W. C. Fields's face. The novel of wisdom—or novel of experience—is a form big and loose enough to contain almost anything. It even gives room for lurid and surprisingly effective melodrama, as notably in the passage where Baroness Rubinstein, wife of the international banker, is stripped naked and whipped by two Cossacks for cheating at cards. But there is one element in "Europa" that is less effective than the others: it is the moral element, the underlying social purpose.

Briffault hates the ruling classes of Europe. He believes that they are not only corrupt and malignant but also totally incapable of ruling. He pronounces their doom with all the fire of a Hebrew prophet—of Ezekiel foretelling that the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; of Jeremiah thundering that the land "shall tremble and sorrow: for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed against Babylon, to make the land of Babylon a desolation without an inhabitant." He wants to show that the working class must escape from its Babylonian captivity, must overthrow the kings and capitalists and must rule its own Land of Canaan. Intellectually, juridically, he proves his point. But emotionally his book may have a different effect on his readers. It may simply fill them with nostalgia for the good old dissolute days before the War.

For the truth is that those days of ignorance and vice were also days when the mass of Europeans felt vastly more secure. The kings and capitalists had less fear of revolution, the middle classes believed in automatic progress toward Utopia, and even the workers were less broken by unemployment and tear gas and treachery. Robert Briffault was young then, and in looking back on his youth he cannot help mixing his hatred with wistfulness, or mixing his wistfulness with angry admiration for the dukes and grand dukes who wasted their own lives and their tenants' money in one long senseless but not unpicturesque orgy. Against his will he makes us feel that it must have been fun living in Pompeii and dancing on the sharp edge of a volcano.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

[1] Europa: The Days of Ignorance, by Robert Briffault. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

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A Pair of Queens

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles, by Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. 381 pages. $3.50.

THE CASE of Mary Queen of Scotland, beyond all others in history, has contributed to literature in various forms, novel, drama, poetry (partly of her own making), biography, essays controversial and polemic. In no similar case has opinion differed so widely, for involved in it from the beginning were the doctrines and questions peculiar to the sixteenth century: faith in the divinity of a sovereign who can do no wrong, expiring chivalry rallying to the defense of a woman more sinned against than sinning, the ancient Church in its struggle for survival against the Reformation. In addition there was the personal rivalry between Mary and Elizabeth, two queens, both holding the faith in sovereignty, both inspiring a chivalric devotion, but set over against each other as champions of opposed religions. Mr. Zweig takes account of these forces, but his chief interest is in Mary, the woman who was played upon by them, but who remains in herself an incomparable example of the eternal feminine of all times.

In his examination of the facts he has sought distinction from his competitors by holding the scales scrupulously in balance. He finds that Mary, returning to Scotland and John Knox after a girlhood at the gay French court, was the innocent victim of the irresponsible gallantry of the companions whom she had brought with her, for which Chastelard paid with his life. He finds that Mary was drawn into a political marriage with Darnley, great-grandson of Henry VII, to strengthen her claim to the English throne, and that she fell in love with him. She was quickly disillusioned. Her relation to Rizzio was innocent if indiscreet. After Darnley in his jealousy assisted at the murder of Rizzio, she worked upon his passion for her to separate him from the other conspiring lords, and take her revenge upon them, with the help of Bothwell.

With Bothwell came the great passion of Mary's life. Mr. Zweig examines the evidence, both external and internal, for the authenticity of the letters and poems found in Bothwell's casket after their flight from Edinburgh, and finds it conclusive. The documents were repeatedly scrutinized, before they were destroyed by James I, and were accepted as genuine in both Scotland and England. But his chief argument is from the writings themselves. "Who was there in Scotland of that day," he asks, "capable of producing a whole cycle of poems in the French tongue and at such short notice?" This is the central point in the whole controversy. If the casket letters and poems are genuine, then Mary gave herself to Bothwell—perhaps under force; but once her passion was aroused she went to all lengths to hold him. To make way for his elevation to kingship she again used the lure of her charm upon Darnley, to bring him, though ill with smallpox, to Edinburgh, where Bothwell made away with him. It was a crime, but a *crime passionel,* pleads Mr. Zweig, which Mary committed in a psychological condition that made her virtually irresponsible. Irresponsible she remained for weeks thereafter, doing nothing to avert suspicion, hastening her marriage with Bothwell, showing signs of the utter moral breakdown that Mr. Zweig thinks Shakespeare may have had in mind when drawing Lady Macbeth.

Of Elizabeth also Mr. Zweig's analysis is convincing. Her physical abnormality, which barred her from normal sexual relations, threw her back upon her country. She sublimated her feminine inferiority into the desire to see England great. Thus she stood in the portal of a new day, and looked to the future. Mary, with her notion of queenship and kingdom as pawns in her personal game, looked back to a feudal past. "Mary Stuart never gave anything creative to the land of her birth except the saga of her life." This saga Mary continued to weave in her long captivity, when her sole interest was in the innumerable plots of which she was the center. As these were unraveled one by one by the English spies, Elizabeth was naturally driven to exasperation; but she still respected Mary's royal blood, her relationship to herself, her situation as helpless suppliant. Only when evidence of Mary's consent to her assassination was laid before Elizabeth did she yield to the importunity of her ministers. This evidence was procured in connection with the Babington conspiracy, which Mr. Zweig denounces as a frame-up by Walsingham, who converted his spies into *agents provocateurs.* That Elizabeth knew this and resented it is probable from a warning she sent to Mary through the French Ambassador. It was another reason for her hesitation and tergiversation in regard to the death warrant.

Policy bade her pretend to other monarchs that she had never willingly consented to Mary's death; a sense that Cecil and Walsingham had forced her hand added to her anger; but at bottom there was something deeper. "Though an unscrupulous intriguer, Elizabeth was neither cruel, inhuman, cold, nor hard." Her double nature showed itself in her fury when she learned that the death warrant she had signed had been carried out, and she acted her part in this comedy so perfectly that she came to accept it as reality. With two such women on his stage it cannot be denied that Mr. Zweig as an interpretative biographer has superbly lived up to his opportunities.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Anthropologists and Indians

The Crow Indians, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 372 pages. $4.

THE ADJECTIVE "mechanical," used with a distinct flavor of epithet, is frequently employed by English critics in appraising the work of American ethnologists, and Soviet scientists often characterize it as "creeping empiricism." Many of our ethnologists have been submerged by their techniques; others have been led astray by their quest for distribution charts of various "culture traits." The best of them have long been conscious of the serious limitations involved in their earlier methods and objectives. Of late years the most significant development in American anthropology has been the trend toward studying each tribe as an integrated functioning whole, and toward studying the manner in which the natives "acculturate" themselves as dynamic human beings, rather than as the intellectualized automatons of the older anthropologists.

This task is frequently difficult in the case of the North American Indians. Their cultures have often been all but destroyed by the aggressive confiscation of their lands and destruction of their food supply during the spread of the American empire, and by an American native policy that suppressed Indian customs when it did not succeed in annihilating the Indians themselves. But there remain on this continent isolated regions where native cultures tenaciously persist and offer as satisfactory a field for the anthropologist as more remote areas. The failure of the present generation of American anthropologists to produce a vital literature on the Indians of North America cannot

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be attributed to lack of material, but must be laid to their conception of their tasks. An anthropology that conceives of the function of its field work as basically the collection of folktales, of kinship systems and of objects of material culture for museum monographs and exhibits, could be nothing but pedestrian. It is fortunate for American anthropology that such work—which in its place is of course indispensable—is coming to be recognized as a by-product and not the end-product of research.

These remarks are pertinent at the appearance of Professor Lowie's full-length study of the Crow Indians of the Western plains. He has investigated these natives intermittently for twenty-eight years, and it is only in the manner of a concession that he has prepared this book for the growing lay audience interested in aboriginal life. His museum monographs on fragmentary aspects of their culture have been models of scholarly excellence. But encumbered by careful and extensive detail, they have been hard reading for the non-specialist even when exhumed, as they rarely were, from the archives in which they lay buried. To those interested in the humanization of our knowledge about human beings, this notable work has been long overdue.

The treatment accorded various phases of Crow life is conspicuously uneven. Professor Lowie's bias against those who consider economic institutions as the core around which other social institutions are nucleated has led him to give slight attention to the economic life of the tribe. The chapter on what the author characterizes as "The Workaday World" contains only about thirty pages, of which but three are devoted to the hunting of the buffalo—the central economic activity of the tribe. On the other hand, his interest in the societies or clubs, which are highly developed among the Crow, and in religion, has led him to discuss these in elaborate detail. The text as a whole teems with descriptions of human behavior that will delight and enlighten persons interested in the relativity of morals and customs. And who is not? BERNHARD J. STERN.

Montaigne, by Himself

The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne, edited by Marvin Lowenthal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 448 pages. $3.50.

The Essays of Michel de Montaigne, translated and edited by Jacob Zeitlin. Vol. I. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 534 pages. $3.75.

SOMETHING less than four centuries ago Michel de Montaigne, having retired while still in his thirties from a career that he had never taken seriously, turned to scribbling, not because he thought he had anything to say or any special aptitude for saying it, but only as an escape from boredom. By his own analysis, he had no gift for composition and was "more ignorant than a child of the terms and phrases for saying even the most common things." Beginning with sententious little screeds, deriving from the ancients in both matter and form, he served an apprenticeship that lasted seven years. Gradually his stiffness wore off, his self-consciousness fell away and his original models dropped out of sight. The very ineptitudes that had made his early essays seem callow and gangling began to give his work a free, loping gait. Objectives formed in his mind. By "avoiding art and affection" and setting himself to "nature-ize art as others have art-ized nature," he evolved the style that Flaubert took as his model and Emerson described as so living that the words would bleed if they were cut.

Because he was the first and perhaps the only writer who ever succeeded in putting himself on paper, not as an artist or a thinker but as a human being, with all the complexities and paradoxes of his humanity, no writer has been subject to more various appraisals than Montaigne. The single designation that is applied more often to Montaigne than any other is "skeptic." Yet whole chapters of his work are monuments to his naïveté and dogmatism. He has been considered a great moralist and, with almost equal justification, an underminer of the very foundations of morality. Politically he has been held up as both a Bourbon and a *sans-culotte*. A dozen passages in Montaigne's own book protest against Sainte Beuve's "the wisest Frenchman that ever lived" and Brunetière's "king of stylists."

The one purpose which Montaigne himself avowed and to which he remained constant, was to portray himself as he was, "bashful, insolent; chaste, lecherous; talkative, taciturn; hardy, effeminate; clever, dull; surly, affable; lying, truthful; learned, ignorant; generous, and miserly and prodigal," in short to make a picture that was to be less a picture than a mirror in which every man would recognize his own features. Rousseau whimpers about himself; Cellini blusters; Stendhal set himself up as a butt for his own merciless heckling; Rimbaud performs his own autopsy. But in Montaigne there is no cleavage between the subject and the author. He was right in saying that he and his book were one. The "Essays" afford us perhaps the only chance that most of us ever have to see a man's life taking place before our eyes.

As a means of introducing modern readers to a man who, he believes, "has as much to say to the world today as anyone above or below ground," Marvin Lowenthal used scissors and paste to piece together a biography of Montaigne composed of excerpts from the "Essays." The result is a book about the length of a popular novel and as easily readable. The value of such a work is obvious. To find one's way unassisted through the half-million words of Montaigne requires a degree of leisure and patience that few people in our times have; moreover, it is unlikely that any casual reader would ever guess from the astringent didacticism of the first chapters of the "Essays" that he would find in them enough delight and profit to make it worth his while to go further with them. Mr. Lowenthal's wide knowledge of and long standing affection for Montaigne enable him to bridge these difficulties with an ease and grace that are reminiscent of Montaigne's own manner.

Professor Zeitlin is a Montaigne scholar of distinction. In the present work, of which only one of three volumes has yet been published, his aim is less to provide another translation of Montaigne than to make available to English readers the result of recent scholarship on the text and ideas of the "Essays." It is possible to quarrel with Professor Zeitlin's decision to retain "something of the flavor of an old classic" by adhering whenever possible to the phraseology and movement of the Cotton translation, on the ground that Montaigne, by having elected to commit his thoughts to an ephemeral colloquial idiom in preference to Latin, and by having deliberately stripped himself of the surcoats and *justaucorps* of his own period along with its prejudices, deserves to endure as a perennial contemporary. But the critical notices accompanying and explaining each chapter are of particular value. If only for its thorough and copious notes and for Mr. Zeitlin's brilliant introductory study of Montaigne in the light of modern research, it is a book that every Montaigne enthusiast should know.

RAMON GUTHRIE.

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Now in Winter

Winter Orchard and Other Stories, by Josephine Johnson. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IT WAS rather pleasant that "Now in November" should have won the Pulitzer Prize. Not many novels are written that are worthy of distinction and this was perhaps the best that could be chosen within the limits allowed to the jury. But all the lapses in talent that can be slurred over in a very short novel padded with exquisite description become painfully obvious in a group of short stories that deal chiefly with one mood, wistfulness, and are saved from banality only by the author's acute observation of natural phenomena.

For the most part these stories consist of little psychological patterns drawn from "simple" lives, lives that depend for the element of the unusual on love, death, weather. Sometimes, with little plot to intensify conflict and little direct representation to make it vivid, the quiet rhythm of the prose does carry a strong sense of such living, its suffering and confusion and small comforts:

> Only to fill the hours, empty and drawing out to years. But this was not unendurable. What came to self was of no particular consequence; monotonous perhaps, filled with regret and memories turned sour, but I knew ways to live, make small things seem important and find reasons to face sun in the mornings.

This is a more or less editorial passage. When the author tries to recreate more directly, by means of scenes and situations, the sense of hours drawing into years or the annihilation of self, as in "Mr. Nathan" or "Stephan the Baker," she slips into bathos and leaves us with an exasperated feeling that we have just heard some poignant commonplace repeated once too often. A companion weakness, for both are rooted in lack of imagination, is the sudden flatness at the ends of stories that arouse interest by accurate and pointed analysis of a character, and then by a sort of literary trick leave off where the story should begin. The best example of this is "The Preacher's Pilgrimage," in which a Negro preacher decides to revive his own faith and that of his congregation by a trip to Palestine and is told at the last minute that the special rates were for white subscribers only. But all we know of his reaction to this last, essential shock is in six lines of *statement,* second-hand and inadequate, reminding one of a song that ends "If you want any more you can tell it yourself."

ELEANOR CLARK.

Family Novel

Dwell in the Wilderness, by Alvah C. Bessie. New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.

WHEN THE family saga or chronicle is employed by a conscientious writer for the purpose of clarifying and humanizing his background, it becomes one of the most useful and important forms the novel can take. In each case, however, it is the author's individual sensibility and his understanding of historical forces that determine the degree of success or failure achieved. Mr. Bessie's novel, the latest example of the form, is sensitively written but lays altogether too much emphasis on an arbitrary Freudian theme that is too narrow to bring out the full value of his material.

"Dwell in the Wilderness" is a 468-page investigation into the lives and purposes of the Morris family, rather average members of the middle class in Michigan during the period 1876-1925. Eben Morris, a moderately ambitious young storekeeper, is joined in ultra-holy matrimony with the daughter of the local clergyman and, despite her frigidity, which dominates the book, they bring four children into the world and into an atmosphere almost hopelessly charged with frustration. It is with these six individuals enmeshed in a relationship of attraction and repulsion that the larger part of the book is concerned. Roger and Manley, the elder sons, make quick but incomplete escapes into the War, marriage and business careers. Martha, the most completely realized character in the book, enters on a vain Bashkirtseff search for self-understanding and fulfilment. After divorcing her husband in hope of a more adequate spiritual life with her cousin, she discovers that the cousin, and her younger brother as well, are homosexuals. The mother Amelia, with her warped and twisted jealousies and passions, overshadows the book as she overshadows the lives of her husband and children. The easy-going and somewhat ineffectual Eben lacks the strength to recover from business failure, ill health and marital coldness, although his children sympathize with him and appreciate him to the extent that they are able to eliminate their mother's influence from their lives.

"Dwell in the Wilderness" can hardly escape comparison with Josephine Herbst's "The Executioner Waits." They are both concerned with Middle Western families over the same period, but in "The Executioner Waits" the characters are developed as integral parts of their society. It is the lack of some such historical meaning and of an ultimately valid theme that prevents Mr. Bessie's book from achieving real importance.

JAY DU VON.

Fragments from Marx

Wage-Labor and Capital; Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx. New York: International Publishers. 110 pages. $1.

THE TWO essays included in this little book, together with the "Address on Free Trade," are the only attempts of Marx at a popular presentation of his economic views. "Wage-Labor and Capital," first published in 1849, was revised by Engels in 1891 in order to bring it into harmony with the later results of Marx's economic studies. Many of its ideas, though presented in a pointed and arresting fashion, were not original with Marx, but were shared by other contemporary socialists who criticized capitalism from the standpoint of the Ricardian economics. The specific Marxian economics was yet to come.

But there is one striking exception—namely, the historical theory of capital, the conception that capital does not consist in things (means of production and subsistence), but in a social relation of production, so that a tool, a machine, a raw material, a house, may be capital in one relation and no capital in another relation. This conception has been ignored by the general run of economists, whose interest centers in supply and demand, marginal utility and equilibristics. However, Sir William Ashley, in his book on English medieval economy, saw its profound significance for an understanding of history; he got it through Lassalle, who got it from Marx. Oddly enough, Marx shows in the third volume of the "Theories of Surplus Value" that Richard Jones, the successor of Malthus at Hayleybury College, had arrived at the same conclusion in a work pub-

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lished in 1852. But for Marx, it would have lain buried and forgotten there.—The present edition of "Wage-Labor and Capital" is a reprint of the edition of 1902, which I prepared for publication by the Socialist Labor Party. It was the first edition in English that included Engels' revisions and his introduction.

"Value, Price and Profit" is an address delivered by Marx before the General Council of the International. It deals with the question of strikes and the relation of wages to prices and profits. The first edition, published in 1898, contained some errors, and these have been handed down, like a hereditary disease, to its successors, the present one included. HERMAN SIMPSON.

Books in Brief

The Southern Review. Published Quarterly at The Louisiana State University. Vol. 1, No. 1. July, 1935. 208 pages. 75 cents a copy.

HERE IS a magazine, published at Louisiana State University with funds made available by Huey Long, that promises to become one of the distinguished publications of this country. (It may be hard to believe, but it's true.) Beautifully designed and printed, edited with taste and discernment, it wisely avoids too great a preoccupation with the purely regional and includes within its range subjects of national and international interest. Among its prose contributions are literary excursions by Ford Madox Ford and Aldous Huxley, an investigation of American culture by Herbert Agar, short stories by Katherine Anne Porter, John Peale Bishop and Jesse Stuart, a discussion of Agrarianism as a program for farmers by Rupert B. Vance, essays on poetry by Kenneth Burke and Cleanth Brooks, Jr., book reviews by Howard Baker, John Donald Wade, John Gould Fletcher, Andrew Nelson Lytle and others. (The pieces by Mr. Stuart and Mr. Vance should be starred.) The poetry section is essentially Agrarian, with verse by Donald Davidson, Robert Penn Warren (whose "Letter from a Coward to a Hero" is one of the best things in the number) and others of the Fugitive group, but it also includes poems, among others, by Wallace Stevens, R. P. Blackmur and Lincoln Fitzell. The editors of The Southern Review —Charles W. Pipkin, Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Jr.—have set a high standard in their first issue and one hopes they will live up to it. H. B.

Middle-Class Culture in Elizabethan England, by Louis B. Wright. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 745 pages. $5.

It was not for nothing, Professor Wright shows, that such men as Donne, Marlowe, Browne and even Gabriel Harvey were of middle-class origin, or that the dramatic tastes of Elizabethan courtiers and tradesmen were often identical. The growth of a dominant system of individual marketing and production had already clinched the final victory of the vernacular. Together with the helpful decline of Catholicism and soft Italianism, the rise of imperialism and new means of communication made for a self-conscious, independent class of literally "middle" men —all with both elbows on the table, industriously filling up on "common culture" as well as commerce. Professor Wright's is the record study-book of the culture, of its precise character and the measure of its penetration. It is a massive accumulation of descriptive quotations and paraphrases, a bombardment of pure fact. A. K.

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Cat Across the Path, by Ruth Feiner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

In spite of the praise "Cat Across the Path" received from James Hilton, Compton Mackenzie and other British bigwigs, it is no more "distinctive" or "exciting" than the average American novel that is written expressly for circulating-library consumption. The story evolves round a handsome girl who is in love with a handsome "King of Jazz" but marries instead an unattractive musician who is always unlucky because a black cat happened to cross his path the day he was born. J.M.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

An Open Letter to Consumers' Research Subscribers:

The Board of Directors of Consumers' Research has circularized CR's subscription list with a 4000-word defense of its actions in the strike of the union of 43 CR employees now going on. In this statement the Board says that it is willing to rest the strike case with subscribers.

The strikers union, which has purchased this space through the Strike Aid Committee (out of funds contributed by sympathetic subscribers) is equally willing that CR subscribers be the court of appeal. It believes, however, that they should know the union's side of the story. They will not find it in the Board's statement.

Among other deliberate misrepresentations and distortions to be found in that statement is the charge that the union refuses to arbitrate. Actually, the union has publicly announced its eagerness to place the strike case before any impartial jury for settlement. And actually, Mr. Schlink and Miss Phillips (Mrs. Schlink) in the presence of four people stated that arbitration was out of the question, that "you can't arbitrate with unreasonable people."

The Board's statement makes no mention whatsoever of the very important point of Mr. Dewey Palmer's dismissal from the Board for his refusal to sign a document charging the union with "blackmail."

And all through the Board's statement runs the suggestion that the union wants to take over CR or, failing that, break it. This is viciously untrue. The union's strongest desire is to maintain CR, keep it functioning for the purpose it was set up to discharge. One of the reasons behind the strike was that CR's labor policies, notoriously tyrannical and productive of an inexcusably high labor turnover, had arrived at a point where continued efficient work was impossible.

Plainly, the union cannot in a small advertisement adequately answer a 4-page statement; and the union is allowed, of course, no access to the subscription list.

But it is imperative that the subscribers know the whole story of the strike; know the gross fallacies and distortions in the Board's statement for what they are. A few of these have been indicated above. The union urges that all interested CR subscribers write in to the Consumers' Research Strike Aid Committee. They will be sent a complete, point-by-point answer to the Board's charges.

STRIKE AID COMMITTEE

41 E. 20th St., N. Y. C. **ALgonquin 4-6195**

Contributors

MERIDEL LE SUEUR is now living in St. Paul, Minnesota. She has contributed short stories to The Dial, The American Mercury, Scribner's, Story, The New Masses and other magazines.

J. ALFRED WILNER was recently appointed Special Deputy Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He was counsel for the liberals in the legislative investigation of the University of Pittsburgh.

MARIA TERESA LEON is identified in an editorial note preceding her article.

PAUL CROSSER was formerly an economic expert attached to a division of the German government. He has contributed articles to German economic magazines.

VIRGINIA HAMILTON'S poem in this issue is her first published verse. She writes, "So far, my work has lodged only in Poetry and in The Atlantic Monthly, and neither has printed it yet."

BERNHARD J. STERN lectures on Sociology at Columbia University and on Anthropology at the New School of Social Research. He is the author, among other books, of "The Lummi Indians of Northwest Washington."

RAMON GUTHRIE, poet, novelist and translator, is assistant professor of Romance Languages at Dartmouth College.

ELEANOR CLARK was graduated last year from Vassar College, where she edited the Housatonic Magazine. She is now working on a novel.

JAY DU VON has published stories and verse in Scribner's, The Nation, Poetry and many of the little magazines, two of which (The Left and The New Quarterly) he edited. He is now living on an Iowa farm.

HERMAN SIMPSON, a student of Marxist theory, was formerly an editor of the Socialist daily, The New York Call.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Hamilton Basso, Alfred Kazin and Jerre Mangione.

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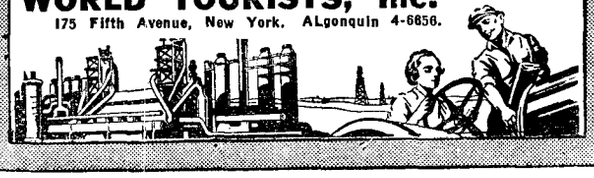

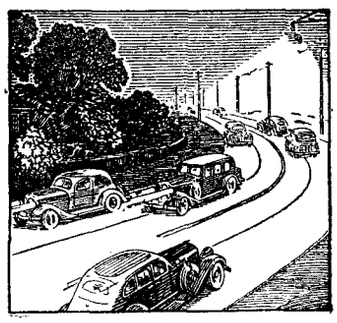

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